THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 15, 1931
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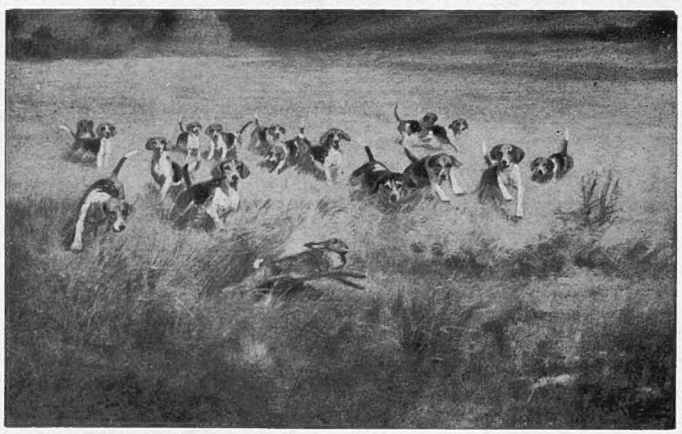
BEAGLES



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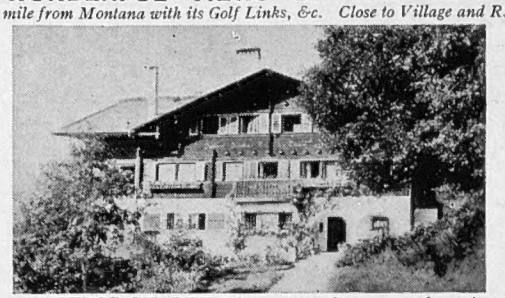

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The Bystander, July 15, 1931

No. 1439 Vol. CXI.

the BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD

With her children, the Earl of Sunderland and Lady Caroline and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, in her home at Lowesby Hall. A daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and a niece of Earl Cadogan, she married the Marquess of Blandford, the elder son and heir of the Duke of Marlborough, in 1920

ETON and HARROW in BATTLE ARRAY

The Eton XI which did battle against Harrow at Lord's last Friday and Saturday photographed with their twelfth man. Standing from left to right are N. S. Hotchkin, N. E. W. Baker, M. S. Gosling, J. H. Lane-Fox, J. H. Aubrey-Fletcher, T. S. Hanbury and A. M. Hedley Seated are J. N. Hogg, A. W. Allen, J. C. Atkinson-Clark (captain), A. M. Baerlein and R. Page

The Harrow team which opposed Eton last week. In the back row are W. E. Heinemann (left), J. G. Hopton, M. Tindall, A. S. R. Gascoyne, D. O. Couper, and A. Benn. In the front row are N. B. Olive, E. J. E. de las Casas, F. E. Covington, G. F. D. Haslewood (captain) and H. Blackmore

The Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, the second son of the Earl and Countess of Home, and Lady Margaret Spencer, third daughter of the late Earl and Countess Spencer, at Althorp, Northampton, after their wedding at Great Brington. With them are the train bearer, Viscount Althorp, the bride's nephew, the four little girl attendants, the Hon. Patricia White and Lady Anne Spencer, the bride's nieces, Lady Alice Egerton and Miss Olivia FitzRoy, and the five little boy attendants, the Hon. Richard Beaumont and Masters Julian Jenkinson, Francis Pollen, Alistair Hay and Michael Joicey

the passing hour

IF it were not for the fact that Lady Wavertree always takes the first Monday after the finals at Wimbledon for her annual garden party and lawn tennis tournament, I should suspect that it was Lord Wavertree who chose the date. For the weather is invariably fine for this yearly event, and Lord Wavertree is the greatest astrologer in England. He can predict anything from an earthquake to a motor bicycle smash, and is a marvellous weather prophet.

LAST week the weather was as fine as ever. Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Princess Helena Victoria, Lady May Cambridge, Princess Alice, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were among the guests who sat in the Royal row of chairs, which have the distinction of being placed in front of the netting instead of behind it. Lady May Cambridge had been to Wimbledon with the Queen, and, like many other people, showed great interest in getting a "close-up" of players like Brugnon, Mlle Metaxa, Cilli Aussem, and others who always seem so far away from one in the Centre Court at Wimbledon.

THE lawn tennis at Lady Wavertree's parties is always most exciting. Relieved from the strain and the concentration of the championships, the tennis stars volley and smash with enormous zest, taking balls that are going yards out of court, and, in fact, thoroughly enjoying themselves. Among the guests were Miss Doris Duke, the tall, slim, pretty American girl who is worth forty million pounds, and was on this occasion photographed five times by the same energetic photographer; Lady Joan Villiers with

Photographs LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME *Lenare*

Whose marriage to the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home took place last week. She is seen in her wedding dress of eighteenth-century Brussels lace over satin. Her train was edged with lace, and a wreath of orange blossom held her lace veil in place

VARSITY CRICKET AND MASCULINE MODES

her mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor; Lady Alington, who wears her hair in an original species of long "bob"; Elinor Glyn looking more Glynnish than ever; and Lord Portarlington.

LORD PORTARLINGTON told me that he had just been down to Heatherden, the palatial new country club near Uxbridge which used to be Colonel Grant Morden's estate, and was immensely impressed. "It has squash courts and a swimming pool and a restaurant run by Quaglino, and tennis courts and every kind of attraction," he told me. "In fact, you can have just as good a time there if it rains as if it is fine—which is more than you can say of most country clubs on this side of the Atlantic."

Sir James Barrie arriving at Lord's to watch the Varsity match. Some of his most entertaining work has dealt with cricket and cricketers

THE Varsity match this year broke all kinds of records. There was Ratcliffe's 201 and the Nawab of Pataudi's 238 not out, and a complete scarcity of clergymen, and a large number of very smartly dressed girls. Many of them were evidently showing off their Ascot frocks which the totalisator had robbed of the attention they would otherwise have received at Ascot. The men were as casually dressed as ever, though. And why not? The Varsity match is the rendezvous of ex-public school boys from all parts of the world, and it is the old friendships and not new flirtations which they want to maintain.

AMONG the people watching was Miss Gipsy Lawrence, the daughter of Sir Walter Lawrence, the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, who is giving a garden party at Hyde Hall, his place near Sawbridgeworth, on Saturday. I also saw her brother, Mr. Jim Lawrence, a few minutes later. He was motoring down next evening with Lady Queensberry to Miss Margaret Whigham's dinner and dance at Ascot, of which more anon.

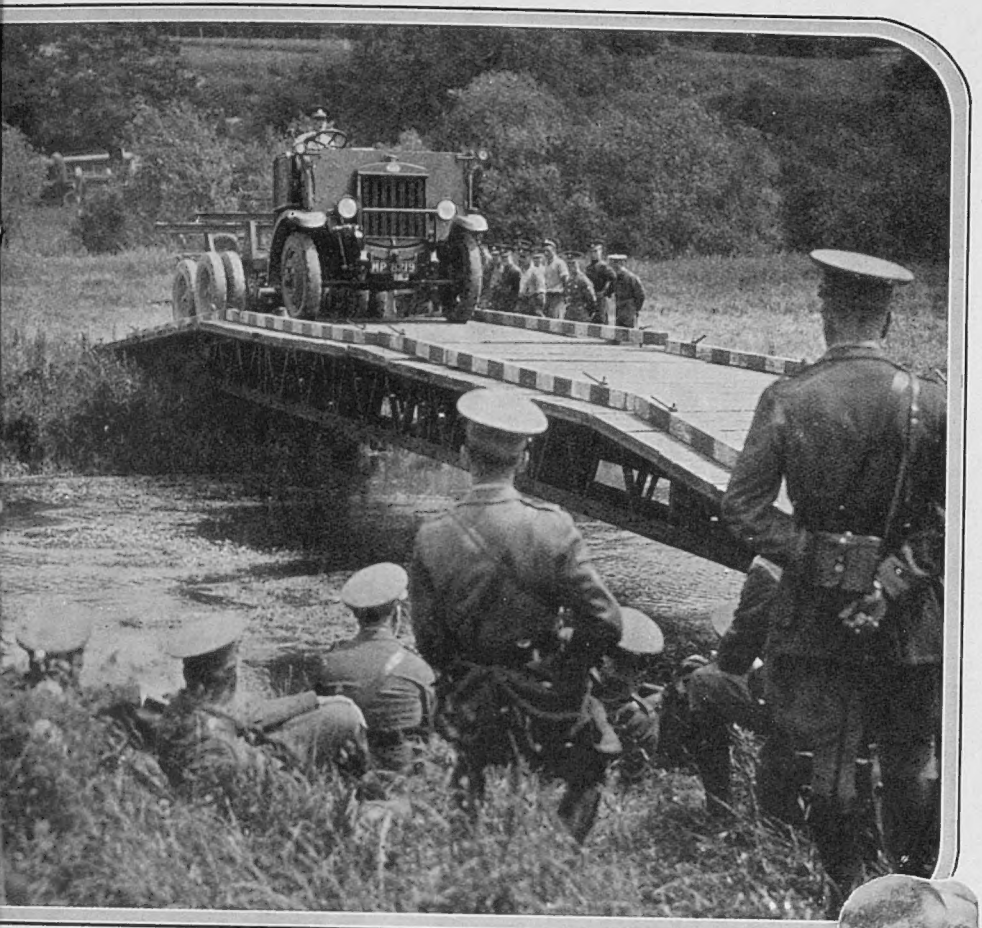
A heavy lorry crossing a bridge thrown across the Riv of modern military training. It was staged for the benefit

UN-DRESS AT THE VARSITY MATCH

Marquess Camden and Capt. C. C. Craig are seen on the left discussing the day's play at Lord's; in the centre the Hon Sir Harry Stonor arrives in that happy emblem of pre-war summers, a straw boater, and on the right Lord Stanley is seen in a hat more modern but equally unceremonial

TO revert to the cricket a moment, I shall never forget the sudden hush over the ground when the Nawab of Pataudi was within a run of breaking the record of 201, and the bellow of applause when he steered a late cut through the gully for a couple. It will have been the experience of a lifetime for thousands of people who were at Lord's that day. Incidentally, when the Captain "declared," and the Nawab returned to the pavilion, every member stood up—a spectacle which, though not uncommon at the Oval, has never been witnessed, I

THE DANGERS OF SUN-BATHING



Avon at Tidworth by the Royal Engineers during a giant demonstration of various phases
a detachment of Indian Army officers, some of whom are seen on the left of the photograph

believe, at Lord's since the days of Dr. W. G. Grace himself.

BEWARE of the English sunshine as well as that of the Riviera, where Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Jack Mulholland, Rex Ingram, and Alice Terry are basking now. Poor Tom Webster, the cartoonist, went to sleep in the sun last week at his place near Oxshott, which he has leased from Lady Caillard, and was so badly burnt that he had to go to bed for nearly a week. He looked as though he had been scalded from the waist upwards. He could hardly see, his eyes were so swollen, and he had blisters all over his face, neck, and throat. Finally he had to send for a skin-specialist all the way from London.

THESE new billycock hats from Paris have swept the town. I went to Sovrani's the other evening, where you can dance in day clothes now, and every woman in the place was wearing one. Beret hats have gone out overnight, and English and American films which show the actresses in them will be automatically

LADY DASHWOOD Hughes

Who took part in the Living Tableaux during the charity matinee held at the Cambridge Theatre yesterday, Tuesday, in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital. Lady Dashwood, who is of Norman descent, is the wife of Sir John Lindsay Dashwood, of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, Premier Baronet of England

THE PRINCE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

The Prince of Wales shaking hands with members of the Council in front of the Royal Pavilion during his visit to the Royal Agricultural Show at Warwick last week. The visit of the Prince to Warwick went far to making this year's show a big success

TWO WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

out of date. That is one of the reasons why film companies in this country are finding it so necessary to employ stylists who will tell them what is going to be fashionable six months ahead when the films are completed and released.

THIS summer the big dress collections in Paris are opening nearly a month earlier than usual. Some of them are starting as early as next Monday. I gather that women are going to have a peg-top silhouette, as a successor to the princess line, the barrel line, and the sack line to which they have obediently conformed in the past. This peg-top line will be good for women with big shoulders, like Marlene Dietrich, whose figure and popularity, I believe, is largely responsible for the new fashion.

MARLENE, incidentally, is drawing the town to the Carlton Theatre, where her film, "Dishonoured," is being shown. Despite the attacks of the critics, there is hardly a seat to be had. The other evening Princess Caraman de Chimay, who was with her husband, was there. So, too, was Lady (Russell) Wilkinson, the wife of the surgeon, and Mrs. Agnes Marsh, who used to be the chatelaine of Warwick Castle for so many years during and after the War.

UNDOUBTEDLY the gayest event of the week, and the best out-of-town dance of the year, was Mrs. Hay Whigham's affair for her daughter at Sunninghill, near Ascot. Sixty-four guests sat down to dinner, and six hundred more came to the dance afterwards. Lord Jersey sat on Miss Margaret Whigham's right, and Lord Donegall on Mrs. Whigham's right. It was a young party with an immense number of extremely pretty girls and good-looking men. Miss Betty du Pre and Lady Queensberry were two of my neighbours at dinner. Afterwards my partners included Lady Joan Villiers and Lady Violet Pakenham.

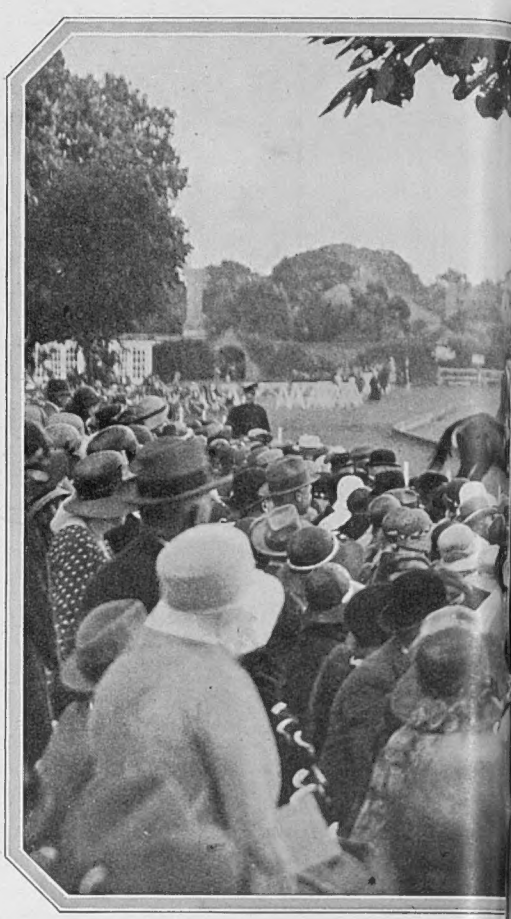
MISS NANCY DARELL Lenare

Whose marriage to Mr. George Gordon-Lennox, Grenadier Guards the eldest son of the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox and of Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, takes place to-morrow, July 16. She is the younger daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Darell, of Saul Lodge, Gloucestershire

LADY DAVINA BULWER-LYTTON

Whose wedding to the Earl of Erne takes place to-day, Wednesday, at Westminster Abbey. She is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton and a descendant of the Victorian novelist-Peer

THE gardens and grounds were illuminated far and wide with fairy lights. There was a car park for about three hundred motor cars, and one taxi which some guest had nonchalantly hired in London, and, unperturbed by the thought of its ticking up threepences all through the evening, calmly gave the driver his London address at 2.30 a.m. and drove back. He tells me that it registered sixty shillings and ninepence on the clock when he paid it off. I am surprised that it did not break!

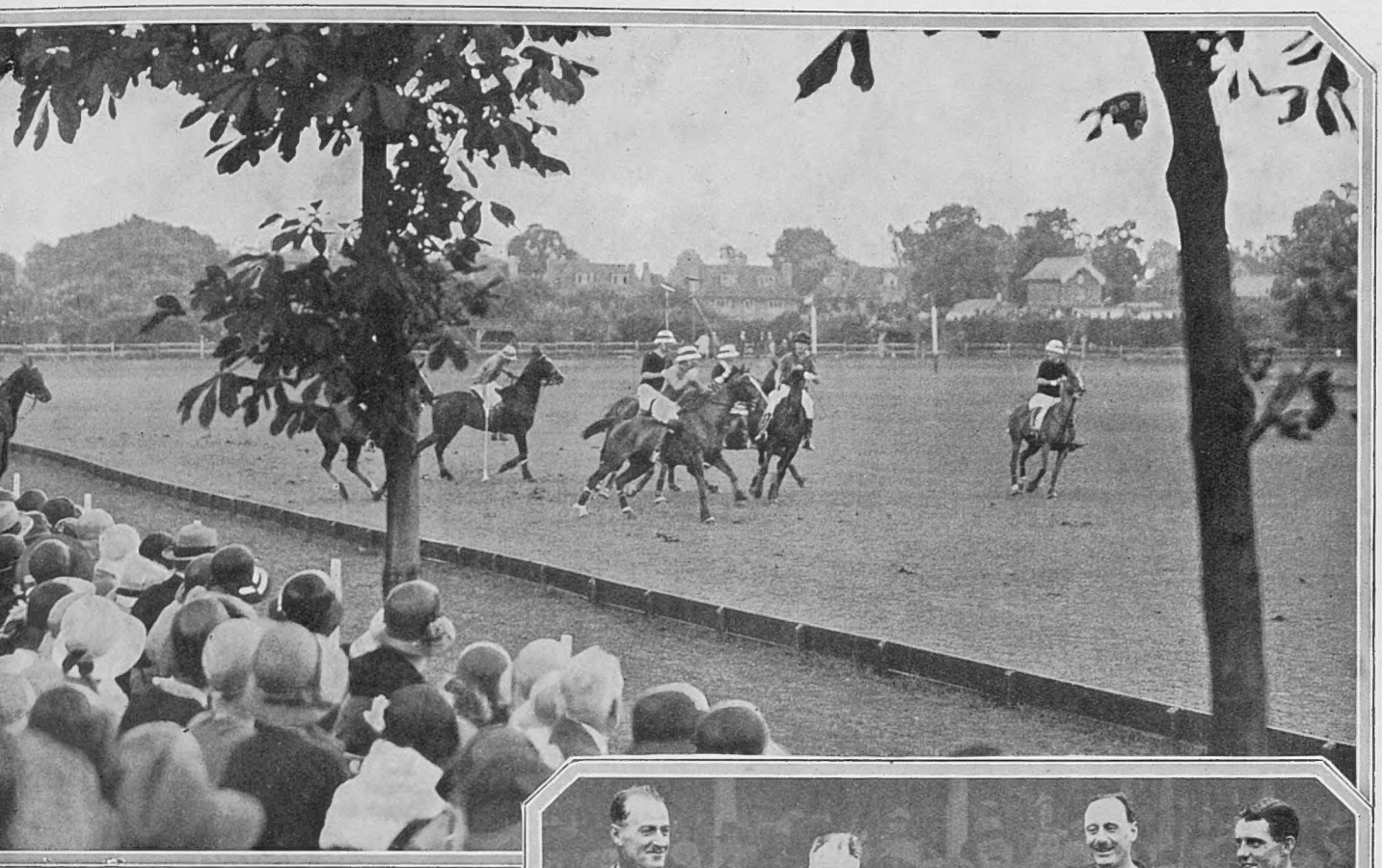


POLO A

A general view of the play in progress during the fin recent British Empire Garden Party. The game result exte

AMONG the guests at the dance were two of the Greek Princesses, Lord Tiverton, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Sir John Milbanke, Lady Patricia Moore, Mr. Edward Tatham, Mr. Cobbold, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg—in fact, the whole of the young smart set. Dancing took place in the pavilion, where the dinner had previously been served. The party went on until all hours of the early morning, and everyone agreed that, suitably enough, the prettiest girl at the dance was Miss Margaret Whigham herself, whom I have certainly never seen looking more attractive.

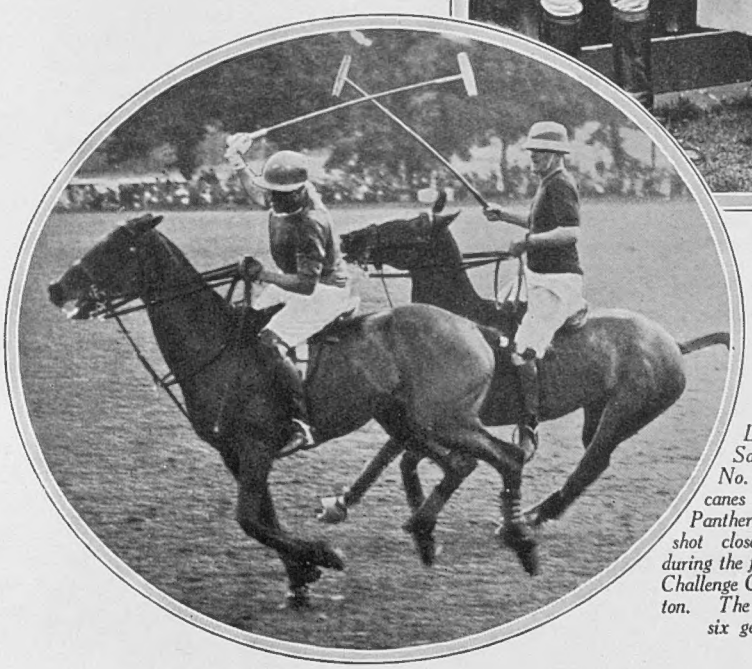
POLO AND PERSONALITIES AT ROEHAMPTON



ROEHAMPTON
of the Open Challenge Cup, which was a feature of the in a win for the Panthers, who beat the Hurricanes after time

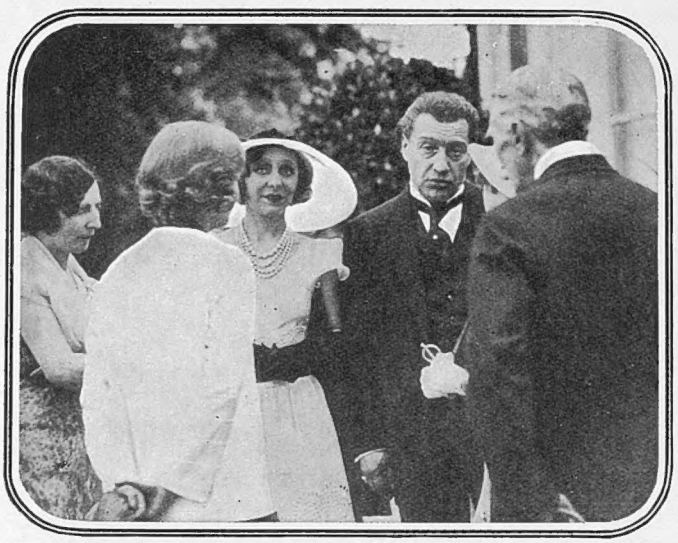
Mrs. Howard Ferguson, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, who presented the Open Challenge Cup to the Panthers after beating the Hurricanes in the final round at Roehampton. The winning team was : Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (No. 1), Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (No. 2), Major P. Magor (No. 3) and Mr. J. A. E. Traill (back)

SEVERAL of the guests had been at Buck's Club week-end at Le Touquet, when perfect weather was experienced, and everybody enjoyed themselves immensely. Lord Carlisle won the Golf Tournament. Lord Dalkeith got into the semi-finals, Audrey Coats was unsuccessful at the tables, and Michael Herbert and others did well. The Casanova was crowded, and so was the Sing Sing. This is a new and original night club where the waiters are all dressed as convicts and the food and drink is served to you through a grill, just as though you were in prison. Lord Westmorland, with a large party,



Left ; Mr. S. Sandford, playing No. 1 for the Hurricanes against the Panthers, bringing off a shot close to the rails during the final of the Open Challenge Cup at Roehampton. The Panthers won by six goals to five

AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY GARDEN PARTY IN PARIS



The famous actor, Sacha Guitry, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, in big picture hat, at the garden party given by Lord Tyrrell in the grounds of the British Embassy in Paris. They are chatting with their host's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman

More visitors to the garden party given recently in the grounds of the British Embassy in Paris by Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is seen chatting with a party of friends

was there on the Saturday night.

GAMBLING was higher than has been witnessed for some time at Le Touquet. One young man took 165,000 francs out of a single bank. Another took 100,000. The men outnumbered the girls by about twenty to one, with the result that each girl was cut in on by half a dozen men during every dance, just as though it was New York. Captain and Mrs. Cecil Pim, Mr. Quentin Gilbey, Miss Bunting Stephenson, and Miss Gladys Sammutt were other well-knowns at Le Touquet during the week-end.

ADMIRATION for French, German, and other foreign artists is so ingrained in the English character that we do not seem to realise that current British art is as good, or better, than that of anywhere else. At the New Burlington Galleries you can see the work of such artists as David Jagger, Muirhead Bone, Francis Dodd, Russell Flint, Glyn Philpot, and Mrs. Flora Lion. It is held under the auspices of the British Empire Society of Arts, and is well worth a visit. What is also worth a visit to-day (Wednesday) is the Garden Party at the Sir Frederick Milner Home at Eden Manor, Beckenham. Lady Carisbrooke will be

A bird's-eye view of some of the hundreds of guests who attended Lord Tyrrell's garden party in Paris. The weather behaved excellently, and no rain marred the beauty of the women's frocks

the hostess, and it is in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, which needs all the support it can possibly get. Most charities are now feeling the effect of the Irish Hospitals' Sweeps which diverted so much money from our own to those of the Free State.

THEOBALD'S PARK, Hertfordshire, formerly a palace of the Kings of England, and latterly a seat of the Meux family, has just opened its doors as a residential country club. It is the home of Temple Bar, the famous London gateway now forming the lodge gates of the park. King James and King Charles held so many gay courts at Theobald's that the Roundheads decided that a place so flagrantly associated with Royalty should be dismantled. The palace went to ruin until, in 1765, it was rebuilt. Eventually it became the seat of Sir Henry Bruce Meux, and, later, of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux.

SOME of the best of the pieces that furnished Theobald's in the old days have been retained in the mansion. There are squash-racket courts, lawn tennis courts, a golf course, a swimming bath, a riding school, and archery butts; but everything has been done to safeguard the appearance of the building and its surroundings.

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CROWN ROYAL carried some liberal wagers at Nottingham but had to be satisfied with third place after once appearing to hold a winning position. Follow over six furlongs.

SEGESTA is very fit and will pay her way. There was "Job" money for her at Salisbury. Prominent throughout, but failed to score. Will win a sprint race.

BRENTFORD ran well at Salisbury and was the medium of some liberal each way wagers. Bear this in mind.

WELSH DAME is confidently selected to pick up a good race in the near future. Failed narrowly when backed to beat a good field at Salisbury. Must be followed at Bath or Newmarket.

GOYESCAS gave a forward display in the Derby, and has been kept busy on the training ground since. Should reward his followers by winning the Eclipse Stakes.

MELLIN was supported by "Blower" money at Salisbury, but was none too lucky. A genuine animal and losses will be recovered.

Lafayette

The Duke of Grafton with his mother, Viscountess Ipswich, his step-father, Major G. R. V. Hume-Gore, M.C., and his two sisters, Lady Mary Rose and Lady Margaret Jane FitzRoy, and Miss Jean Hume-Gore. His sisters were recently raised to the rank and precedence that would have been due to them had their father, Viscount Ipswich, who was killed on active service in 1918, survived their grandfather and succeeded to the Dukedom of Grafton

Capt. Walter Douglas Faulkner, M.C., Irish Guards, and his bride, Miss Patricia Katharine Montagu-Douglas-Scott, being played from the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, by pipers of his regiment. The bride is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott and a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch

NEVER, I should say, have so many differences of opinion been so hotly expressed as over the question of the proposed new bridge at Charing Cross. Obviously, it is not only Charing which is cross! The latest bill promoted by the L.C.C. was thrown out by the House of Commons almost contemptuously, and I very much doubt whether the new scheme will be welcomed with open arms. London needs this bridge badly enough, but so strong are the arguments against any and every plan that I doubt if the latest one to date will have a smooth passage through Parliament.

MOST of the difficulty arises over the position of the new railway station, but now that the electrification of the Southern Railway is increasing so rapidly the whole question is altered. There is now very much to be said for those who suggest that the site of the new station should be that of the old, but that it should be built underground and a tunnel under the Thames should give egress for the trains. The one man who must be heartily sick of the whole affair is Sir "L.C.C." Percy Simmons, who throughout has been in the thick of it.

Miss Anne Charteris in a wonderful mediæval costume bearing the Prince of Wales's feathers. It was specially designed for her part in the Tewkesbury Pageant

Sasha

A dress rehearsal of the tableaux given at the Charity Matinée in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital at the Cambridge Theatre was held recently at Lady Edward Hay's house in Hyde Park Square, where the above photograph was taken. The Gainsborough group shows, Miss Nancy Beaton, the Misses Mary and Virginia Ridgley-Carter and Miss Rose Bingham

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello! . . . Hello, Baa! I've got a bottle of the new sunburn. . . . Yes, I mean what I say . . . a bottle. . . . It is an oil which makes you red-gold instead of the usual tan . . . too lovely with white frocks. . . . Evelyn Laye is the exact shade . . . though her fair skin probably does it naturally. . . . She looks lovely . . . and so the bottle for me every time. . . .

* * *

WHAT a week it has been. . . . Tennis at Lady Wavertree's . . . cricket and polo. . . . To start at the beginning. . . . Rosemary Hall-Walker was helping with the programmes, and Lord Wavertree was in great form . . . saying he felt six years younger. . . . He is trying to sell his country house, Horsley, near Chester . . . which has the most lovely rock gardens I have ever seen . . . although I believe the Japanese gardens at Kildare, in Ireland, which Lord Wavertree designed, are the best in the British Isles. . . .

* * *

AT Lord's I lost my heart to the usual collection of cherubic small boys . . . with lusty voices, let me add . . . and unbelievable appetites. . . One mother was protesting feebly in the Junior Carlton tent against a tenth strawberry ice! . . . The Whighams' dance at Ascot was a great success. . . . Margaret looked lovelier than ever —if possible, and the lighted garden, like the drive home . . . as dawn was breaking . . . was so romantic. . . . Do you remember my telling you about the Famous Beauties Ball. . . . I said that Mrs. Stanley Smith . . . who made a most attractive Cleopatra . . . was a descendant of that famous Queen. I am sorry that I got mixed up. . . . It was another guest at the ball who claims descent from an ancient queen. . . . I do hope I'm forgiven, now.

I SAW Wendy Bennett in London last week. . . . She lives in Paris, but sometimes pays us a visit. . . . She was looking very attractive and extraordinarily young. . . She has the most marvellous memory for faces and names . . . so never loses a friend or an acquaintance. . . . Elinor Glyn is the same. . . . She is so unusual that I love looking at her exotic colouring and her eyes, which are always so alive and alert. . . . One feels she should always have a background of tiger-skins. . . . She was the leader of a new vogue in Edwardian times. . . . She and her work were revolutionary . . . and created a tremendous stir. . . . It seems funny now, but I wonder how many bright young people of to-day will be remembered in 1962!!

* * *

HOW well Mary Alington and her sister Lettice swim! But don't tell me that it is a good slimming exercise! . . . Karen Harris looks most attractive in the water, and so does Mary St. Clair-Erskine. . . . I like the swimming suits which have belts. . . . They are much more becoming. . . Miss Vacani's matinée was packed as usual. . . . I have never seen anyone so lovely as Grania Guinness. . . . Besides her perfect and graceful dancing. . . . When she "comes out," she should take London by storm. . . . Jane Douglas is an adorable tiny, and so is Anne McLaren. . . . The whole matinée was excellent . . . production . . . dresses, and, of course, the children. . . . Talking of the young . . . Pamela Hulbert is absurdly like her famous father, smile and all. . . Her mother, Cicely Courtneidge, has such an attractive Rolls . . . pale biscuit colour, and in fine weather she generally has it open. . . .

* * *

I'VE just seen Olga Portago, who told me that she and her husband were going to Deauville. . . . Olga is one of the most amusing people I know. She loves telling a joke against herself . . and talks in a crisp . . . bright little voice which makes everything she says sound witty. . . . Dolly Warrender has launched quite a new fashion lately. . . . She has been wearing a really delightful necklace of jade beads with a row of pearls. . . . It looks really attractive. . . .

* * *

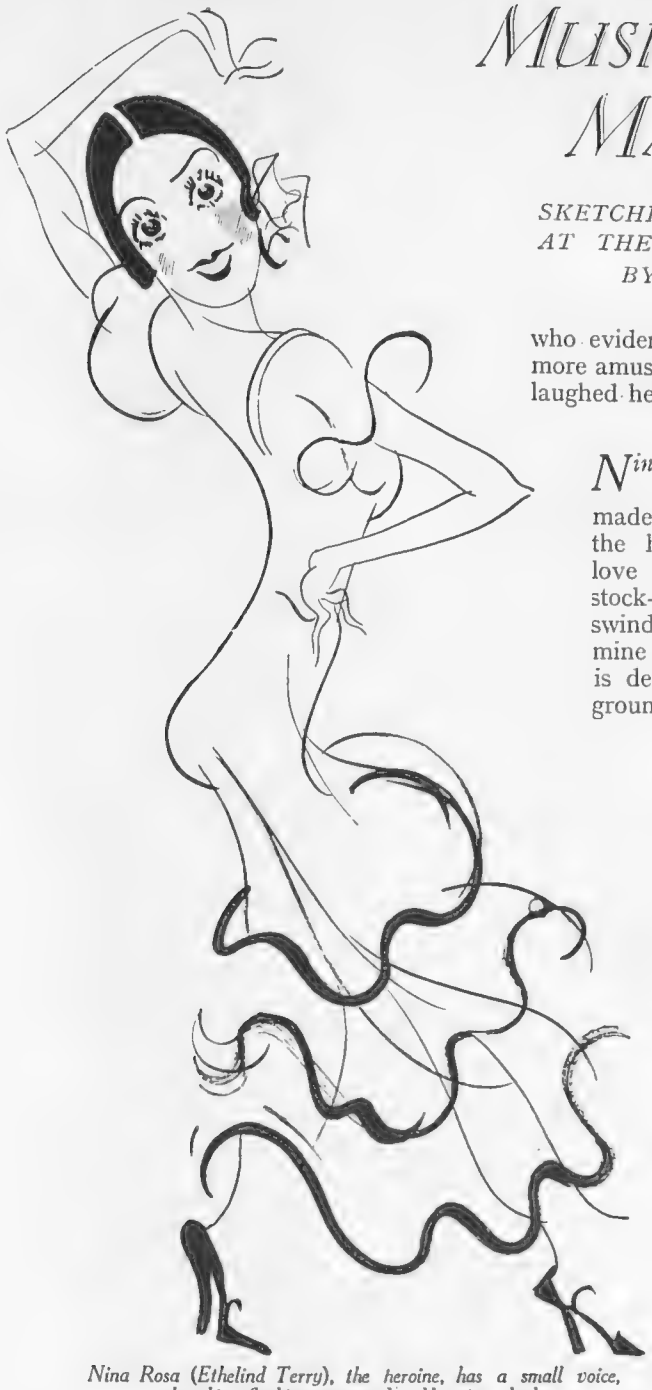
I MET Lady Hastings at the Albany Gallery, very proud of her daughter Barbara, who has three pictures on the line there. . . . The Hastings have just moved to Grosvenor House, and given up their house in Park Street. They are a most amusing family, and Sir Patrick is adored by his children. . . . Barbara is fascinating, with dark hair and huge dark eyes . . . and extremely talented. . . . Darling, I must love you and leave you. . . . I have to see a man . . . about me. . . . Yes, you've guessed. . . . Good-bye. . . .

AT THE PLAY

MUSICAL MELODRAMA AND MARRIAGE À LA MODE

SKETCHES OF "NINA ROSA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

By VERNON WOODHOUSE



Nina Rosa (Ethelind Terry), the heroine, has a small voice, but big, flashing eyes and a blooming cheek

"Nina Rosa," at the Lyceum

TO anybody in search of rest and quiet I cannot recommend a mining village near Cuzco, in Peru. When the inhabitants are not singing they are cheering various individuals who visit the village, and these, in their turn, burst into song on the slightest provocation. These include a villainous tenor, or, to put it more politely, a tenor who is a villain, an heroic baritone, and a soprano for heroine, with whom the other two are rivals in her young affections.

THIS medley of sound is perpetually added to by the cracking of whips and the cracking of jokes, the latter perpetrated by an idiotic Englishman who evidently found his remarks far more amusing than I did, for he often laughed heartily at them.

Nina Rosa is the name of the play where all this noise is made, and Nina Rosa is also the heroine round whom the love interest centres, while the stock-plot is thickened by some swindle connected with a gold-mine which, I may remind you, is defined as a hole in the ground owned by a liar.

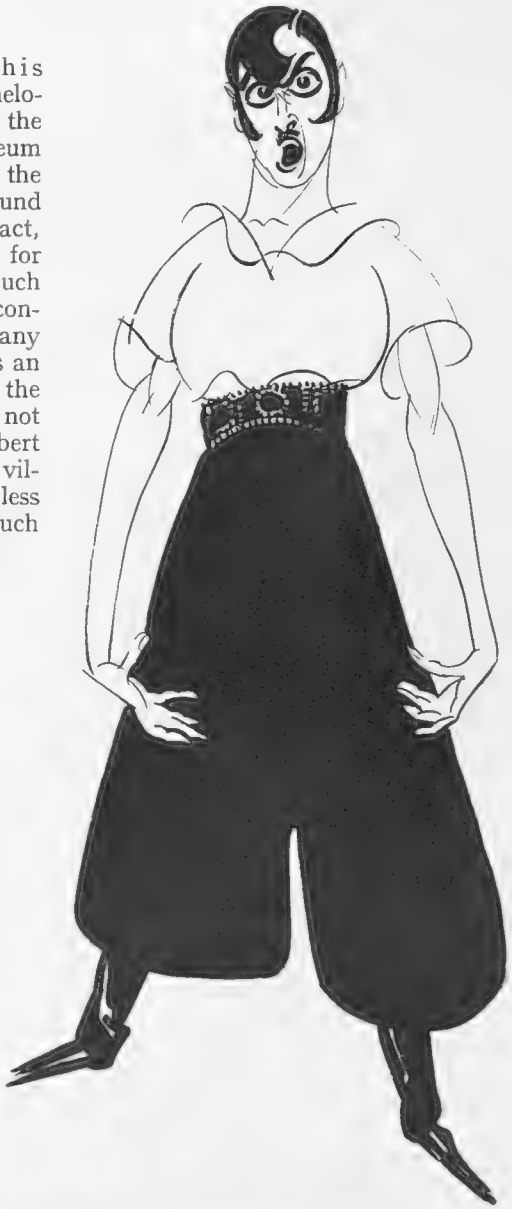
DOUBTLESS this musical melodrama will prove to the taste of a Lyceum audience, which on the first night merely found enjoyment in a first act, which alone lasted for about two hours! Such a long act puts a considerable strain on any audience, but it puts an even bigger one on the cast, and I was not surprised to see Robert Chisholm, as the villain, almost breathless on occasions, with such energy did he sing and act.

NINA ROSA is played by Ethelind Terry, who has a really hard time of it. From the way in which she is knocked about, all in the way of kindness, by the villain, I should think she must be a mass of bruises; and if the hero, Geoffrey Gwyther, had been equally demonstrative, I should have trembled for her safety! Thank heaven, however, he remembered that he was an Englishman, and, except when he sang, behaved with a restraint which was most commendable.

RICH and luscious music by SIGMUND ROMBERG—these capitals show the importance of the composer—which perpetually recalled happy memories, is in every sense the big noise of the production, but the book by Otto Harbach I have ventured to criticise with the aid of my friend the printer.

"The Love Game," at the Prince of Wales's

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON, with assistance from Mr. Ralph Neale, has written a play called *The Love Game*, produced last week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and warmly welcomed by a first-night audience, in which many prominent Socialists, including Lord Passfield, were present.



Pablo (Robert Chisholm), the villain, has a big voice, big trousers and a big part

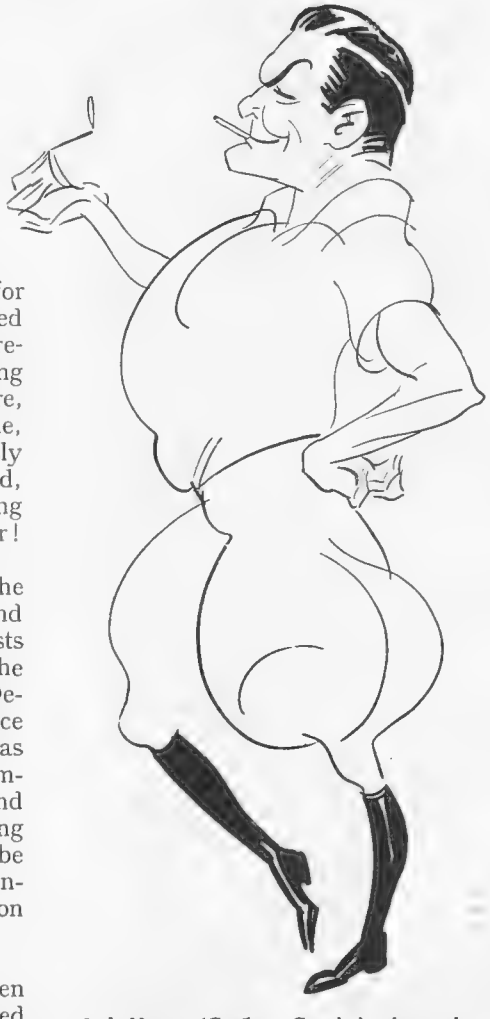
Cortez and Peggy, on the left, have nothing to do with the plot, but take steps to add a little movement to the show, while Jimmy Blakeley (Freddie Forbes), right, is the new comedian who cracks the old jokes

I REGRET I cannot be equally enthusiastic about *The Love Game,* which has nothing whatever to do with Socialism. I wish it had, for then we might have had a more entertaining play.

BUT Mrs. Chesterton has chosen for her theme the case of a married man who has an affair with his secretary which, in addition to being carried on in his office and elsewhere, is also flaunted in his own home, where his son, who has previously been seen kissing the parlourmaid, finds his father passionately embracing his employee! Like son, like father!

LATER on this married man says he is going to leave his home and live with his secretary, and suggests that his wife should divorce him. She refuses, but ultimately consents. Delightedly he telephones to the office and tells his mistress to come along as he has good news for her. He imparts it, and is turned down good and proper. She doesn't mind continuing her affair with him, but marriage be damned! Somewhat strange conduct, truly, for a girl who knows on which side her bread is buttered.

FINALLY, a reconciliation between husband and wife is engineered by the son and daughter, and father successfully begs his wife (who has been conveniently waiting on the premises) to return to him, for henceforth his conduct will be as moral as a muffin.



Jack Haines (Geoffrey Gwyther), the manly baritone, who, despite a reserved manner, captures Nina Rosa and confounds the villain, Pablo

THIS story is not a bad one, but the authors have made a terrible botch in the telling of it. We can't for one moment believe in the characters, and their conversation is as divorced from life as a dead cod-fish. "This talk can't go on; it leads nowhere," was, however, one line with which I cordially agreed. I could not even be thrilled when the young kisser of parlourmaids was so incensed at his father's goings-on that he tried to commit patricide with a paper-knife, or even when the same young man received a sounding box on the ear from the indignant secretary, annoyed at her morals being called in question.

IN the vestibule, at the end of the second act, a neophyte in playgoing remarked to a friend, "I wonder how this play will end," to which came the devastating retort, "It will end in a fortnight!"

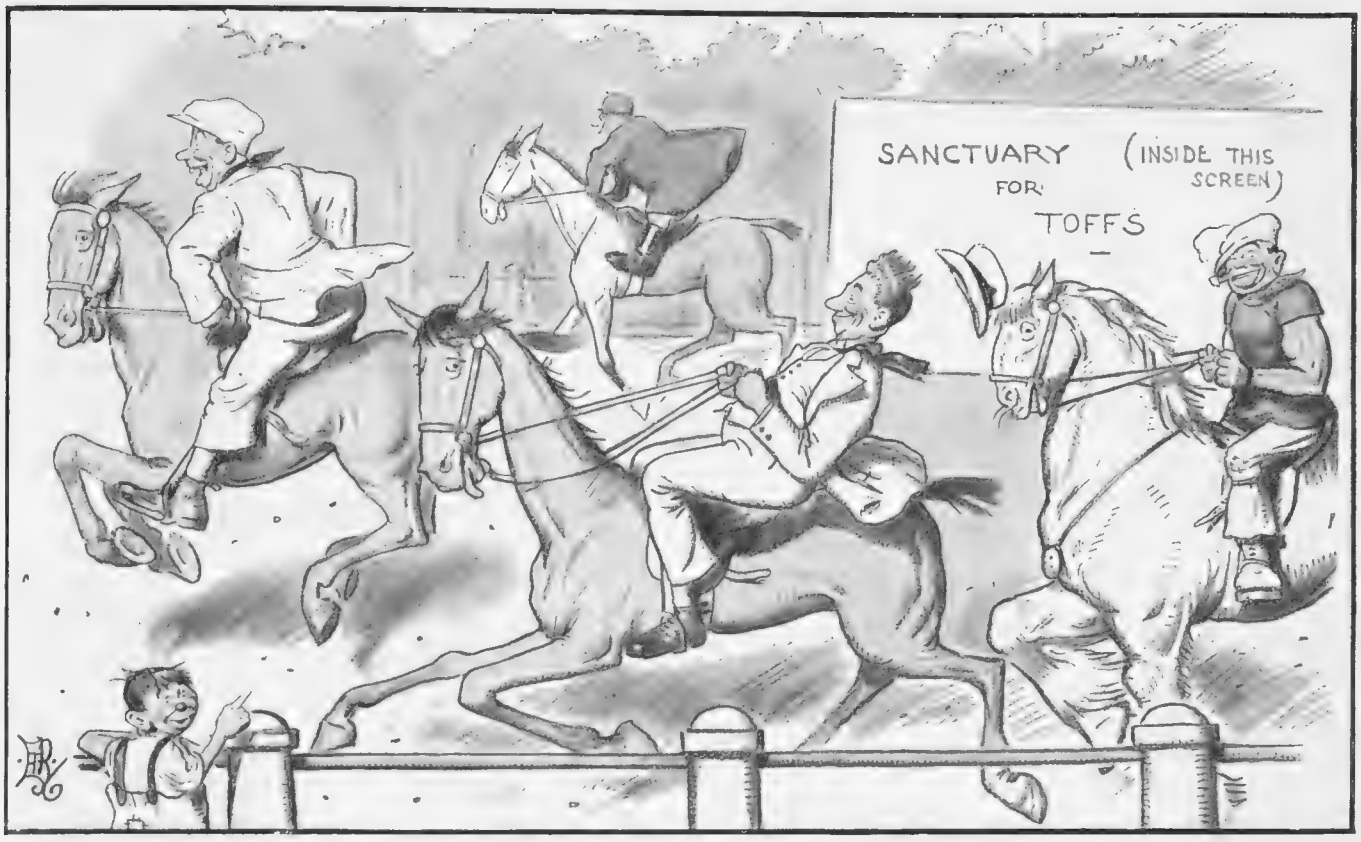
WITHOUT pinning myself down to the exact date of its demise, I fear that, once again, a play has been produced which isn't really good enough to succeed, despite an heroic performance by Marie Löhr as the ill-used wife, who also produced the play with such care that the younger members of the company all appeared to speak with her own admirable intonation.

MAY I suggest to Messrs. Frederick Peisley and Edward Robson, who take the part of two young men, that to wear dinner jackets flapping open is seldom seen even in the sanctity of the home. The former, who plays the son of the peccant papa, made much of his outburst, but his enunciation was not always too clear.

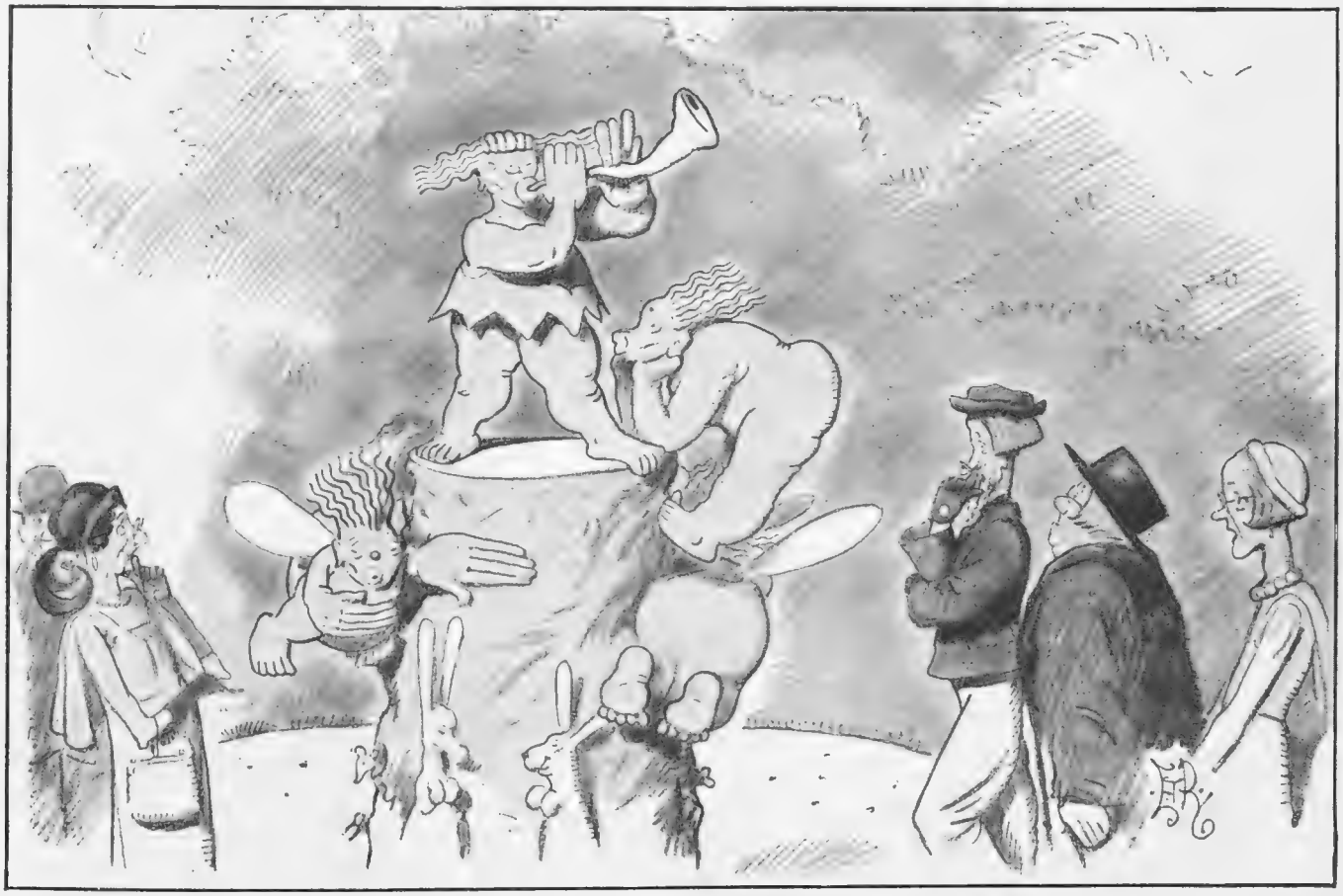
MALCOLM KEEN has not had much luck lately with the parts for which he has been cast, and that of the father who sought love in the office as well as getting it at home was a terrible one. That he managed to imbue it with a certain amount of dignity was indeed a marvellous feat. Mercia Swinburne was a very, very bright modern daughter, and Georgina Wynter, as an acidulated aunt, handed out the lemon to everyone with effect.

V. W.

"IF'S"—By E. T. REED



IF MR. GEORGE LANSBURY CONTINUES TO PURSUE HIS IDEALS
The Proletariat à Cheval lends a more plebeian note to horsemanship in Hyde Park



IF A CERTAIN SOMEONE HAD DESIGNED THE PETER PAN STATUE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

BY CHARLES GRAVES

Yevonde

LADY FIONA PRATT

The younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden. She is engaged to Sir Gerard Fuller, Bart., of the Life Guards

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

Lenare

One of the most attractive and popular young women in Society, who has been seen everywhere this season. She is the daughter of Mrs. George Hay Whigham, of Queen's Hill, Ascot

TO-MORROW (July 16) the climax of the London Season will have been reached with the State Ball at Buckingham Palace. All kinds of rumours have been floating around—based on the Holywoodesque idea that it is customary in England publicly to announce engagements at private dances. Quite apart from the fact that no Royal or semi-Royal engagements are in the air, an announcement in the *Court Circular*, rather than an interruption at a Court Ball, would be the normal way of making any such romance public property.

As to engagements, there have been quite a number this season—those, for example, of Lady Fiona Pratt and Sir Gerard Fuller; the Hon. Elwyn Rhys and Miss Diana Sloane-Stanley; the Hon. Henry Home and Lady Margaret Spencer. Lady Margaret Spencer's brother has married Miss Blumenthal in Paris. Mr. Adrian Holman's marriage to Lord Tyrrell's daughter, which also took place in Paris, is said to be in the process of annulment; and Lord Harcourt married the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor.

So much for engagements and marriages. These, though an integral part of the London Season, are an all-the-year-round affair, unlike Wimbledon and Ascot, and the First July race meeting at Newmarket. By the same token, in a review of the Season, it is easy to dispense with charity balls, which, like charity itself, seem always with us. There are inevitably two exceptions, however; the Eve of the Derby Ball and the Queen Charlotte Ball. Both are timed to take place in the height of the London Season, and are invariably successful.

THE Queen Charlotte Ball, with its forty-four leading debutantes and its total insulation from all industrial interests, is always an attractive affair, and, indeed, points the way to the future type of entertaining. For the Queen Charlotte Ball is really a syndicated-hostess affair, and that is growing very necessary nowadays. I do not know if it has occurred to you, but the reason why entertaining grows more intimate, though also less frequent, is due to the fact that there has been no new wave of parvenus since 1919. For 1919 was the last boom year, and parvenus are always the result of a boom. There have been parvenus, of course, all through history—from the dissolution of the monasteries down to the shipping boom, by way of the coal boom and the diamond boom.

BUT now there is none to throw money about and give extravagant parties to guests who are quite unknown to the host and hostess. The result is that apart from permanent hostesses like Lady Londonderry, and visitors like Mrs. Corrigan, and occasional hostesses like Mrs. Woolley-Hart, there has been little left except debutante dances given by people like Lady Howard de Walden and Lady Anglesey, and others who are giving dances solely because they have daughters to launch and know that a debutante dance is necessary to send them on their way to return invitations.

DESPITE the fact that Englishmen don't like masks and never know how to flirt, Lady Howard de Walden's bal masque was a great success. Lady Anglesey's dance, graced by the presence of the Duchess of York and Prince George, has been, perhaps, the most important debutante dance, small though it was, this season.

CERTAINLY, Lady Caroline Paget is supposed to have broken the largest number of hearts, though, goodness knows, it must be hard work to break the heart of any of the young men who go to debutante dances these days. I went to one of these affairs the other night and suddenly found myself with the clock put back eight years to the nights when I used to go to two or three an evening. There was the same Clifford Essex band with the same pianist and banjoist; the same young men who danced in what is still known as the Claridge style; the same type of plump debutantes and the same dowagers. The only difference

Hay Wrightson

MRS. JAMES PEARCE

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sainsbury of Gloucester House, Park Lane. She was formerly Lady Inverclyde

was that the dowagers liked to dance instead of waiting for supper, and several of the debutantes had tinted finger-nails, and there were not enough young men. These differences are, however, fundamental. Miss Margaret Whigham was the first debutante, I think, to tint her finger-nails; that was last year. But dozens have followed her example and look more sophisticated now than the young marrieds. Never before has there been such a shortage of young men, and never before have dowagers been so frisky.

MATRIMONY, indeed, has claimed so many of the young men, like Lord Weymouth and Lord Stavordale and Lord Tiverton, that only hardened bachelors like Lord Donegall and Mr. Edward Tatham and Lord Rosse remain unattached, apart from the young fry. The Guinness family no longer gives parties. Both of Mr. Benjamin Guinness's daughters are now married, and the sausage and beer parties are no more. That is an era that does not look as though it will ever return.

LOOKING back on every party I have been to this year I should say that Mrs. Wooley-Hart's was the best. It was lavish, amusing, cosmopolitan, international; in fact, everything that a party should be. "I am going to join this club," one of the guests said brightly to me during the evening; that was the spirit of the party. But parties like this are few and far between. So few Americans have come over this year, and those who have done so have preferred to adopt the course of giving intimate dinner-parties in the restaurants and dance clubs instead of big affairs in borrowed private houses or hired hotel ballrooms.

YES, this London Season is changing very fast, and in a year or two will be quite unrecognisable. The debutantes grow better dressed, the young men grow more shabby. Ascot is developing into a place where you go to gamble on the Totalisator instead of showing off your clothes and your young men. The Ritz has become the smartest place in London. You can dance at Sovrani's in day clothes. People are beginning to live inside their incomes. Credit in the West End has almost disappeared. There is only one smart night club left. Babies have become fashionable. The Hurricanes cannot win a single cup at polo. Backgammon has gone out as quickly as it came in. The Aga Khan has no luck at racing.

THE weather has been fine for Henley. Two German girls fought out the finals of the lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon. Afternoon music has been made fashionable by the Æolus concerts at Brook House and elsewhere. Lady Cunard has given no large parties. Mr. Laddie Sanford has privately announced his intention of returning permanently to America. Poor King Alfonso has gone deaf. Cecil Beaton and his sisters have done little or nothing to attract attention. There have been no gate-crashers this year. Beverley Nichols has gone to ground. Hannen Swaffer has joined *The Daily Herald*. Patrick Balfour hopes to go to Timbuctoo. Sherry has ousted cocktails. Cochran's revue was a flop. Miss Audrey Barrett, Miss Virginia Dawes, Miss Barbara Hutton, Miss Virginia Penn, and Miss Jasmin Schoellkoepf have been acclaimed the smartest American debutantes this season.

THE Kit-Cat has reopened. Rex Evans has returned. *Wonder Bar* has come to a full stop. Tallulah Bankhead has gone to America. Marlene Dietrich visited London. Sir Philip Sassoon entertained Charlie Chaplin. Sir Thomas Lipton has become a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald launches forth into Society in well-cut dress clothes. The Prince of Wales has been having a comparative rest from public duties. Frocks have become longer. Liaisons have become briefer. Poulsen has opened his club at Datchet. Tauber has come and gone and come again. Mrs. Olive Pearce has returned to London. So has Mr. Gavin Henderson. So has Mrs. Carter-Campbell. Sir Charles Markham and André Charlot have gone bankrupt. There were no problem pictures in the Royal Academy.

SIR RENNELL RODD remains M.P. for Marylebone. There have been no wild parties. Nobody has used the phrase, "The Bright Young People." Nobody has invented new slang or heard new Stock Exchange stories. Bernard Shaw is going to Russia. C. B. Cochran went there. Robin Humphreys is intending to go there. Sir Alfred Butt was going to Vienna. The Hon. Nancy Mitford wrote "Highland Fling." Lady Eleanor Smith wrote "Flamenco." Lady Alexandra Haig and Lady Patricia Ward became reporters.

Miss Virginia Penn, one of the pretty American debutantes who were presented at Court this season

A TRANSATLANTIC TRIO OF DEBUTANTES

Miss Jasmin Schoellkoepf, of Buffalo. She was presented to Their Majesties by Mrs. Dawes, the wife of the American Ambassador

Another debutante from the United States. Miss Barbara Hutton, who was presented this year

THE Dorchester has installed the first sherry bar. Quaglino has introduced Stein wine. Omnibuses have started going through Grosvenor Square. Mrs. Corrigan gave a dinner-party to eighty. They have one-way traffic signs in Oxford Street. The Ruthven twins have been out of the limelight. Douglas Byng nearly had trouble with his namesake. The Duke of Norfolk has been erroneously reported to be engaged. So have Lady May Cambridge and Prince George. Sophie Tucker is not at the Kit-Cat. American dance orchestras are at a discount. Negroes are popular again in cabaret. Hock is taking the place of champagne as the most expensive, therefore the most fashionable, drink; so J. H. Thomas has stopped dining out and wears lounge suits. That is, perhaps, the biggest change of all.

C. G.

ANGLO-GERMAN NAVAL RAPPROCHEMENT

For the first time since the War a British Naval visit has been paid to Germany Above is seen one of our finest cruisers, Norfolk, passing the German flagship, Schleswig-Holstein, in Kiel Harbour. The town was decorated with Union Jacks intertwined with the flags of the German Republic and the Province of Holstein, and the welcome accorded to the visitors was of the warmest description

Rear-Admiral E. A. Astley-Rushton, C.B., C.M.G., being welcomed on board the flagship, Schleswig-Holstein, by the German Vice-Admiral von Oldekopp

The White Ensign being hoisted on the German flagship, Schleswig-Holstein, on the arrival of the English cruisers at Kiel. At the ball given in honour of the visiting officers at the Imperial Yacht Club, there was no German supper table without a British Naval guest

BY RIDGEWELL

THE WORM!

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

The famous Rumbling Bridge in Glen Devon, one of the most beautiful places in the Central Highlands of Scotland. In the extreme south of Perthshire, its western end is not far from the historic battle-ground of Sherrifmuir.

if Sossip we must

"AMERICA," says Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "is the greatest nation now existing on the face of the earth." Really, Mr. MacDonald should not have qualified his eulogy by those last half-dozen words. For that allows the dreadful possibility of a nation greater than America existing in the bowels of the earth, or in Mars, Uranus, Neptune, or the distant vastness of Betelgeuse. And that is a thought that is almost blasphemous in its daring.

SERIOUSLY, I am amazed that this public utterance of our P.M. should have passed almost unnoticed. For it is all of a piece with the Socialist habit of suggesting that any country is better than our own; that if we are, as a nation, involved in any squabble, the enemy must infallibly be in the right, and ourselves in the wrong, and that we should be humiliated, and humiliate ourselves, on every possible occasion.

THERE is no vulgar jingoism in opposing this attitude with all the strength that is in one. If any crankish nonentity said what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has said it would not matter. That a Prime Minister should have thus publicly implied that the nation, whose destinies, God help it, he is for the moment supposed to direct, is in a secondary position is damnable. This is not a question of whether America is or is not the greatest nation on earth; she is probably the richest, though many people would deny that she is a nation at all.

I am not getting up and waving a flag and shouting "Rule Britannia," and saying of Great Britain, "Here's tae us! Who's like us?" We are above, I hope, the rather childish old business of saying, as a nation, "I'm the king of the castle," though just a little of that attitude does no harm. Indeed, I would far sooner see too much of it than this constant pandering on the part of those in high places to those who think none the more of us for that pandering, and who, in their innermost souls, hate the very sight of us. (I am not, of course, speaking of individual Americans, who are often both sincere and charming.)

"Hullo! Where on earth are you going with that thing?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm going to a private reception at a riverside club, and as I haven't got an invitation, I might as well be prepared for the worst!"

The eight Muriel Abbott Dancers, who are making their first appearance in this country. They started a season at Ciro's on the Monday of last week, and on the dance floor they danced without a flaw

BUT if the P.M. really does think America, with its corrupt legal system, its bigotry, its blatant vulgarity, its graft, and its gangsters, the greatest nation on earth, let him hug that opinion to himself. America blows its own trumpet quite loud enough, and does not need a British Prime Minister to take hold of it and blow an extra blast.

MR. BALDWIN, whatever his deficiencies,

is a good patriot, and proved it by the solid, if unromantic, method of presenting his country with a very large sum of money on which you or I could retire to pig-keeping and pipe-smoking very comfortably. But he is not the man to fight MacDonaldism of the above-mentioned type. He has too much of the pale pink of sentimental Socialism about him for a Conservative leader in these days, when a ruthless opponent of that virus is needed if the débâcle is to be staved off.

He wobbles on the question of India, for instance, and approves of that ludicrous financial guarantee as a reward for sedition. There is no hope for peace in the world while India is in a ferment, and India will continue to be in a ferment until a Conservative Government is returned with a strong man at the head of it.

THE tantalising thing is that Mr. Baldwin is not without strength. He can show it on occasions. He burst out vigorously, for instance, over the St. George's election, and hit hard. But he is too much like a volcano which lies dormant for long, long periods. He has been dormant over the Five Year Plan. He has been dormant over the Dole. What are the Conservative Associations doing over this silence and this slackness? I hear certain rumblings of discontent. But I doubt if they will come to anything, since the heavy hand of the Central Office is over all. Heaven knows, it is not desirable to split the Tory vote. But a compact and well-disciplined army is of little use if the generalissimo is snoring in his tent all the time.

GEORGE LANSBURY has sent his stock up with a rush by his sensible attitude over the sale of drink in the parks and elsewhere, and by his sharp words to the silly little gang of tyrannical puritans who waited on him as a deputation. Thank goodness common-sense can rise above party sometimes, and Mr. Lansbury is probably now one of the most popular men in the country. The Socialists have always worshipped him—rather blindly. And now those who detest his politics applaud his sturdy way of dealing with bigoted nonsense and his failure to see why Englishmen should not enjoy at any rate some of the liberty which Frenchmen and Germans rightly regard as theirs as a matter of course. Why, by the way, should M.P.s from distant constituencies venture to attempt to dictate what Londoners should or should not drink? What has Hyde Park to do with Lady Astor, Member for Plymouth, or Mr. Leif Jones, who represents the Camborne division of Cornwall?

Sir Gerald du Maurier caught in Piccadilly after purchasing some of his Du Maurier cigarettes. He is shortly going on tour throughout England for the first time, and will open at Southsea. It is expected that he will break all records

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"Excuse me, sir, but do you realise that you are wearing my Regimental colours?"

I HAVE just found two reasons for congratulating Sir Gerald du Maurier. One was that he is going on tour. This may seem a topsy-turvy form of congratulation, since it has always been the main ambition of the touring actor to come to London. But Sir Gerald, being so entirely in a different category that he has never been on tour, I believe, during his whole stage career, I congratulate him on being about to widen the extent of his operations, and to gather unto himself many new admirers. With the rivalry of the films, even celebrated players cannot afford to spend all their working hours in the theatres, fashionable or otherwise, of the West-End of London. So good luck to Sir Gerald and to the pastures new in which *The Ware Case* will be seen.

THE other reason was on the fact that the cigarettes which bear his name—I actually saw him coming out of a tobacconist's in Piccadilly with a large box of them—are really all that is claimed for them. The Du Maurier cigarette is a certain safeguard against pharyngolaryngeal inflammation (I pinched that lovely long word from a monograph on

"Late Night Final," at the Phœnix Theatre, deals in a series of cameos with a sensational American newspaper which, for purposes of circulation, digs up a murder trial and in doing so ruins the woman who was acquitted. The picture on the left shows two street walkers, played by Polly Luce and Peggy Baulch, as typical readers of this Yellow Press production. "What do they wanna dig up a woman's past like this for," is the comment

Below is a scene from the same play where the Editor's secretary (Carol Goodner) remarks to her boss (Raymond Massey), "You let this lousy rag seduce you with a lot of money," an impolitic remark—but indubitably true. A midnight performance of "Late Night Final" will be given on July 17 in aid of Journalistic Charities, the proceeds being distributed by the Company of Newspaper Makers

the subject). There is now one tip I can confidently give—the filter tip. Exhaustive and patient researches, so I am informed, both by Sir Gerald and by Peter Jackson (who knows all there is to know about Du Maurier cigarettes, for the excellent reason

THE ELEPHANT'S TALE

Viola Tree has left the Ziegfeld Follies in New York because Florenz Ziegfeld would not grant her dearest wish by allowing her to ride on to the stage on the back of an elephant.

I DON'T want to make the critics stagger
And thrill the world as Macbeth's better half,
I don't want to cry, "Give me the dagger!"
Then carve up poor old Duncan with a laugh.
I don't want to spout blank verse each evening
Beneath a light that's eerie, dim and blue,
But I do want to ride upon a Jumbo—
A flippy-floppy Jumbo;
A dear old sloppy Jumbo.
Oh, I do want to ride one, yes I do!

Though Freddie Lonsdale's plays are fearf'ly funny
I do not want to act in one of these
And fire off epigrams on cads with money
Whilst in the latest modes I sit at ease.
I don't want to ride to Fame and Fortune
Upon a sea of bons mots bright and new,
But I do want to ride upon a Jumbo—
A tusky-trunky Jumbo;
A dear old nunkey Jumbo
Oh I do want to ride one, yes I do.
Yes I DO!

I don't want to play in Ziegfeld's Follies
And show my figure off in silken tights,
Although I know each dainty little doll is
New York's greatest pride and chief delight.
I don't want to stay in Gawd's Own Country
If Flo. won't let me do what I would do.
For I do want to ride upon a Jumbo—
A ploddy-bumpy Jumbo;
A sloggy-stumpy Jumbo.
Oh, I do want to ride one, yes I do,
Yes I DO,
YES I DO! *B. W.*

that he makes and sells them) have resulted in the discovery of a patent tip which effectively prevents irritants getting into the throat of the smoker and setting up a cough. As a matter of fact, I find these cigarettes so pleasant that they would be worth the cough. So I am not surprised that Sir Gerald will find them useful to put in his "Ware Case." They always find a home in my worse-for-wear case.

A VERY well-merited honour has come to Seymour Hicks, who has been decorated by the French Ambassador with the Legion of Honour. Seymour is now a "Chevalier," and there has never been a more dashing or a more graceful one. Strange that it should have been left to France to decorate one of the most brilliant actors the English stage has ever known, while English honours are handed out with a trowel in other directions. And yet it is not, after all, really so strange. For Seymour Hicks is essentially Gallic in his personality and in the lightning swiftness of his wit. He has made many of his successes in French plays, some of which, incidentally, he has vastly improved by his adaptations.

I ADMIRE his pluck almost as much as I admire his art. He has had, perhaps, more reverses than any man of his eminence on the stage. Yet he never sulks or grouses, is always cheerful and amusing, and treats the spiteful yappings of the little puppy-critics with the most friendly contempt. That quality in Seymour is British. But, as I have said, his art is French to the core. He is of the school of Coquelin. People have called him the Sacha Guitry of England. I prefer to regard Sacha Guitry as the Seymour Hicks of France.

BARBARA LA MAY *Beiny*

A former Ziegfeld Follies' star, who has been dancing at Grosvenor House in the distinctly "summery" costume she wears during her act. In an interview she stated that she is shortly to appear at the Folies Bergère, but has no intention of reducing the amount of her costume when dancing in Paris!

Sasha

LENA CHISHOLM

The clever Australian violinist, who is appearing on the West End stage. She is playing in "Nina Rosa," the new musical play recently produced at the Lyceum

DOROTHY BARNES

The twenty-two-year-old actress who played in the Command Performance of "The Admirable Crichton" before the King and Queen at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, last Saturday. This was the first Command Performance to be given out of London

THE Russian Ballet enthusiasts, who had rigidly kept away from Covent Garden during the performance of the masterpieces of Wagner, Verdi, and Strauss, turned up in force for the first night, at that theatre, of Mme. Ida Rubinstein. I thought they would. *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* proved a long and boring piece of pretentiousness, and Madame was not anything to write home about. But they all raved and went into a "holy delirium" on their own account. One woman "blah-ed" to me about Madame's "divine double-jointedness," which I do not imagine Madame, who really is a most graceful creature, would take exactly as a compliment. It is only fair to say that much more interesting things happened at Covent Garden on the subsequent nights (and are still happening), and that the Bakst scenery is wonderful.

A SMACK AT SENSATIONALISTS

Mr. Mourdaunt Shairp acted up to his christian name when writing "The Crime at Blossoms," at the Playhouse, for it indicts with irony those who gloat over the scene of a murder. The picture above shows a feckless husband (Colin Clive) assuring his wife (Joyce Bland) that he will buckle to and that there will be no necessity for her to earn tainted money by continuing to turn their cottage, where a crime was committed, into a raree show for sensationalists

FILM NOTES

PUTTING SPICE INTO SPIES

By Lionel Collier

HOLLYWOOD deals in types, whether it be from a plot or an artist viewpoint. It fluffy, fair-haired girls are in vogue Hollywood gets all woolly, but if a marcel-waved blonde — the present fashion — is decided upon the whole film colony goes white in a night. Partly through fear, perhaps . . . jobs depend on producers' whims.

Someone decided that a gangster story is what will shake the money from the public at the box office; simultaneously every production unit in Los Angeles responds nobly to the call, and gangsters it is. Well now, apparently, it is spy stories that we are supposed to want, and we are getting them. Someone, somewhere, has suddenly heard of Mata Hari, the famous Austrian—or was it Hungarian? — spy, whose beauty and brain made her one of the most notorious women during the War.

THERE was a story about her that at her execution she appeared dressed in a cloak. As she faced the firing squad she threw this off and stood revealed in a state of nudity, that one would have thought would have lured any susceptible soldier from his duty. However, it did not, and Mata Hari fell riddled with bullets.

A very nice situation, that, for any cinematic-minded producer. Hence "Dishonoured" which, as I write, is still running at the Carlton, though it is difficult to understand why.

Poor Marlene Dietrich, suitably marcelled and apparently thoroughly bored with the whole proceedings, wanders through a series of conventional "spy-story" situations assisted by Victor McLaglen's smile.

HOLLYWOOD was not daring enough to provide her with only a cloak at the end, so they clothed her in something chic, and got the young lieutenant in charge of the firing party to fail in his duty and deliver an encomium on the horrors of war.

Marlene Dietrich is depicted as being a lady of easy virtue, who finds the spy business is the only way to serve her country. Then along comes another company and takes the very unsophisticated looking little Helen Twelvetrees, marcel-waves her, gives her a sticky past—that of a "registered woman" in Austria—and puts her through much the same sort of ordeal in a picture called "A Woman of Experience." Helen tries her best to look wanton, but cannot succeed, and she is not helped at all by the heroic unsophistication of her lover (William Bakewell, who looks as dumb as she looks innocent).

But Hollywood must have its type

A SPY ON THE VAMPAGE

Marlene Dietrich as a Mata Hari à la Hollywood, in "Dishonoured," puts in some heavy vamping on Warner Oland (left). The sinister gentleman on the right is a rival spy, played by Victor McLaglen

A TENNIS STAR 'MIDST THE SNOWS

Senorita Lilli de Alvarez, the Spanish lawn tennis star and expert skier, on the Bernina glacier, near Pontresina, where she has been playing the leading part in a new film of Alpine adventure, "Under the Spell of the Bernina"

HOLLYWOOD'S

On the left is Helen Twelvetrees as we first saw her—a right is the Helen of To-day, after being reduced to type in the

"SO THIS IS G.H.Q.!"

The arrival of the beautiful spy (Marlene Dietrich) at the General Headquarters of the Austrian Army arouses an interest that is more millinery than military. Another scene from "Dishonoured"

and it must have its stereotyped story, so a promising young ingénue is sacrificed on the altar of the box office.

S

I SHOULD like to add that Helen does not die as sticky a death as Marlene. She is shot near the heart while capturing a hostile spy, and is given six months to live. This time is occupied in marrying the hero and living happily for that period. This is to avoid the very reprehensible ending of a screen hero being wedded for life to a prostitute.

It is all extraordinarily conventional, but one must say, in passing, a word of praise for the acting of H. B. Warner, the Christ of "The King of Kings," as an intelligence officer, and of Lew Cody as a spy who has no scruples and struck me as being more efficient than the cinematised Helen.

S

TYPE of face and type of plot is reiterated in the first picture Elissa Landi made in America, "Body and Soul," which is now showing at the Regal.

The story is on rather different lines, but the spy element is the thing plus a good deal of novelettish sex drama. As in all the films which appear to be using the spy formula, the plot is very far-fetched, and the English War-time atmosphere is full of stupid incongruities.

The hero is Charles Farrell, who has won fame as the sentimental companion of Janet Gaynor in what can best be described as "kitchen-maid romances."

I have an idea that, given a decent part, he could be quite a good actor, but he is allowed little chance here.

His part demands that he should be a girl-shy and drink-sodden (War-time of course) youth who is sexually awakened.

I wonder they did not let him go on sleeping.

Elissa Landi, as distinct from Helen and Marlene, is not shown as a prostitute and a spy, she is merely suspected of being the latter.

She certainly shows charm, and has possibilities if Hollywood will let her have a personality of her own.

In justice to her production and, indeed, to most American pictures, one must acknowledge her technical ability, which is rather like saying that a certain publisher knows how to bind his books attractively.

In "Body and Soul" there are some excellent aerial scenes in France, but producers have got to learn that an intelligent public demands something more than a photographic thrill.

S

SPIRITUAL salvation seems to be the theme of the moment in Hollywood, and the Racketeers of yesterday now run a poor second to Religion. How long this new craze will last it is impossible to say, but films such as "Laughing Sinners," an incident from which is pictured above, are very much the order of the day—though goodness knows who has done the ordering! L. C.

BEAUTY FACTORY

piquant little ingenue with a personality all her own. On the Film Stars factory where stereotyping is the order of the day

A SPOT OF "VILLAIN-SPURNING"

Joan Crawford, as a Salvation Army lassie, in "Laughing Sinners," spurns her seducer, played by Neil Hamilton. Clark Gable, the Salvation Army champion, knocks out Sin with the love of a Good Man!

BUCK'S CLUB at LE TOUQUET

Lady Gage, Mr. Michael Hornby and Lord Gage enjoy a joke in the sunshine during the annual visit of members of Buck's Club to Le Touquet, where their golf tournament took place

On the left are seen Miss Pritchard, Mrs. Boyd Wilson and Lady Eglinton waiting their turn to play, and, on the right, Mrs. Tony Belville, a sister of the late Commander Glen Kidston, takes it easy before doing a round

En route for the links at Le Touquet. Mrs. M Dixon, Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Brindle

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

Sasha spends a day with the Laughtons

CHARLES LAUGHTON and Elsa Lanchester have a unique country home just one hour from London—yet it might be a hundred miles from anywhere.

My camera and I approached the house through fields of wild strawberries, orchids and other flowers, bracken and foxgloves many feet taller than myself. Within fifty yards it is impossible to see the house, which is built on four trees, but when I did I wondered if I were really somewhere not many miles from London—or if I was only dreaming. For there before me was a house in the treetops, built of rough wood, and with a thatched roof.

THE interior is even more of a surprise. Having walked up the steps I entered a large room, at one end of which is a well-equipped kitchen. The other end is portioned off into two bedrooms on the ground floor—if you can talk about a house so far from the ground as having a ground floor!—and there is a third bedroom on a sort of balcony above them. This is reached by means of a ladder cut out of branches of trees.

The main portion of the room serves as a dining and living room. Here I was amazed to find a mixture of modern and primitive ingenuity. When the floor needs sweeping no vacuum cleaner is necessary, one only has to lift a small piece of wood and let the dust through to mother earth. Nearly everything about this house made me feel myself transported into a wild adventure story, until I was brought to earth by the sound of a telephone bell, for, yes! let me admit it, the Laughtons are on the 'phone, and also have a wireless. The telephone wire is carried for two miles below ground.

WHERE the house is situated is a secret few people know, and even the favoured cannot find it without guidance. The house has no name, and no address, and the people in the nearest village do not even know it is there. It is so near to civilisation, yet so far!

The owners are so near to nature in their home that they become natural and live healthy lives, wear healthy clothes, eat simple, healthy food, and find real enjoyment in life.

Up in the treetops cooking on an oil stove by the light of an oil lamp can be great fun. Lying on the verandah high up in the trees and taking a sun bath, when there is any sunshine, takes a lot of beating.

THERE is always something to do, and when new parts have to be learned, what peace and quiet is theirs living in the kind of house that some people with fantastic imagination might dream about, but only they possess.

Every evening they play their parts on the stage, and then they leave London and theatres and go back to their mystery home in the treetops.

What romantic lives the Laughtons lead!

Bystander Special

CHARLES LAUGHTON'S MYSTERY COTTAGE

"Somewhere in Surrey"

Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, have built themselves a wonderful cottage in the pine-trees of a Surrey wood, where they enjoy surroundings very very different from those of "Payment Deferred," in which they have been playing. Here, in the little House in the Tree-tops, which Wendy herself might envy, they enjoy their leisure in one of the loveliest parts of Surrey. The story of our photographer's visit appears on the opposite page

"Hullo! who's the invader?" Our photographer, Sasha, comes upon Charles Laughton's and Elsa Lanchester's House in the Tree-tops, a log house actually built on and among pine-trees an hour's run from London

Let us introduce you to our Hund," says Elsa. "He's just joined the family and we're going to show him the happy hunting-ground for the larder"

"You've got to leg it a mile from the car to get to the house." But it is certainly well worth it when the route is so beautiful, even though it is uphill

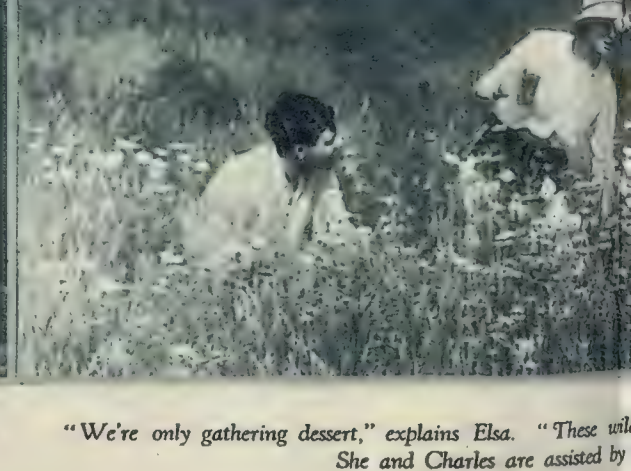
(Continued on next page)

LIFE IN THE WILDS: A TREE-TOP HO

"Well, if I break my neck, I break it! But it's such fun above the trees." Elsa Lanchester performing a "Swallow Dive" on her swing high above the ground

"The foxgloves are taller than I am, you see!" Flowe which Peter Pan hi

"Do you want some supper?" Elsa supervises the cooking of the evening meal in the old-fashioned open grate under the critical gaze of husband Charles . .



"We're only gathering dessert," explains Elsa. "These wil She and Charles are assisted by

IOME AN HOUR'S RUN FROM LONDON

Flowers and foliage surround the House in the Tree-tops
an himself might envy

"Have you ever tried the 'Chottle-Whizzer'? You have to avoid knocking the trees. My knees sometimes get like the tree-trunks—all barked!"

ese wild strawberries are far better than the other mushy sort."
sted by the latter's brother and cousin

"This is the way to the bedroom. The journey may not be a particularly easy one, but it is a wonderful way to get slim, and so we take steps in the right direction"

FIND THE HOUSE IN THE TREE-TOPS—IF YOU CAN!

"Find this track and you may find the House in the Tree-tops." Charles and Elsa rest in the shade with one of their guests, Barrie Barnes, who is playing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The fern-bordered path leads to their home in the trees

"Hang your hat on the tree-trunk and make yourself at home." The living-room boasts every requirement, from oil-lamps to portable wireless

"Good-by-ee!" The host and hostess say a cheery farewell to the visitor who departs for the dubious joys of twentieth-century civilisation

Sasha

BARBARA HOFFE

The well-known actress, who was recently awarded damages for having had a part taken away from her so that it might be given to another actress who, it was thought, would prove a bigger box-office draw. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1912, *and has played in many West End productions, including "Dear Brutus," "The Romantic Age," and "If Winter Comes," and will shortly be seen in a new play by Mr. Walter Hackett*

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE SILVER

When Stephen Hilgarde gave Wanda the silver stiletto for a birthday present she smiled. He could not have given her anything more suitable, she said, with that queer little half-droll, half-bitter smile of hers, for was he not always driving daggers into her heart? Stephen, a little stiffly, said that anyhow he hoped it would be useful—one way or another. It was a beautiful affair, very fine and sharp, with a shagreen handle. "Green is unlucky," said Wanda, and tested the sharpness of the stiletto point against her wrist. It was almost needle-fine. "So sharp that one could open the door to Eternity with it," said Wanda, thoughtfully pressing the blade against a blue vein of her wrist.

Stephen said, "Must you be so melodramatic over a simple thing like that?"

"Life *is* melodramatic," Wanda retorted. "Don't you read your newspapers? But don't worry, I'm not shuffling off this mortal coil with the aid of a paper-knife or anything else just yet. Only it's nice to feel that there is a convenient way out handy if required."

She laughed, and laid the stiletto aside, and asked Stephen what he would drink. He said that he preferred sherry, and asked her if she had made up her mind where she would like to dine. They talked no more of short cuts to Eternity or of the stiletto. But after he had seen her home at the end of the evening, and was driving back to his own flat, he thought about her and was worried. He wished he had not given her the stiletto. There was no getting away from the fact that she *was* highly strung and subject to fits of depression; supposing . . . but that was absurd. Good heavens! he was being positively morbid. Must have caught the infection from Wanda herself. It was only in novels and magazine stories of the more sensational type that people did melodramatic things with stilettos like the young woman in the Edgar Wallace thriller. In real life the most dramatic thing which the most sinister-looking stiletto would ever be called upon to do would be to slit open the envelope of a summons for arrears of income tax.

When he had left her Wanda sat fingering the stiletto and thinking. It was nice of Stephen to have remembered her birthday, she thought, but curiously symbolic that he should have chosen a stiletto—like the outward and visible sign of her inward and secret pain concerning him. No one had ever hurt her quite as much as Stephen had. Not that it was his fault. She was like the woman in the Ethel Mannin novel—had a capacity amounting to genius for falling in love with the wrong person, and a capacity seemingly infinite for complicating her life with unsatisfactory relationships. No one could love to order, and it wasn't Stephen's fault that he didn't care for her except in a casual way. Only it wasn't her fault, either, that she wanted more from him than he had it in him to give. That was the stiletto he ran into her heart. Well, now she had the silver stiletto as an everlasting reminder.

She had Max, too. Max, who was always wanting her to marry him and go off and live in the sun. Max, who liked a raggle-taggle, gipsy sort of life as much as she liked an orderly one. "What on earth have you two got in common?" Stephen was always asking. Wanda didn't know. She often wondered. Max neither knew nor cared. "There's some sort of flame between us; isn't that enough?" he would ask. "One doesn't analyse flames——or ought not to, anyhow. You think too much, and it's such a bad habit—almost as bad as the work habit—and

"Stephen crossed to the writing-desk and picked up the stiletto . . .

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STILETTO

by ETHEL MANNIN

being sensible and thinking before you act." Very gay and irresponsible was Max; life for him was an endlessly exciting adventure. She liked him for the quality of youth and laughter about him; but she was not sure that she could marry it. Max was always saying that it was no use taking life seriously, because you'd never get out of it alive, anyhow. Her mouth and eyes softened when she thought of him. He was twenty-five to her thirty. Not much difference in actual years, she thought, but there was a gulf between the twenties and the thirties all the same. Youth's rose-leaves began to turn a little to tea-leaves. And a woman is always flattered by being loved by someone younger than herself; it is reassuring, and somehow warming.

Only she had to make up her mind about Max; for, he said, "Now that the long dark days of the English summer are upon us," he was impatient to get away to the sun. If Wanda wouldn't marry him and come with him, he was going alone. Wanda loved England, especially when the hawthorn was a white foam in the hedges and the country smelt of hayfields and wild flowers, roses and honeysuckle; she had a cottage in Sussex . . . but Max preferred a villa in Provence. If she let Max go without her she would not be likely to see him again, and there was this necessity to have someone in one's life caring and intimate; there was this deficiency in oneself; this inability to face loneliness. Stephen said, "But what's the use? You don't love Max." Her answer to that was always, "But he loves me." Stephen would shrug over that. "It's not enough," he said. She knew in her heart that he was right . . . but if one couldn't have what one wanted in life, one had to be content with second-bests; it was a case of being grateful for small mercies. . . .

"he looked up and saw him bend the long, slender blade back so that it snapped"

She looked down at the stiletto bright as a sword between her fingers, like a living symbol of the sword in her heart where Stephen was concerned. Every time she looked at it she knew she would remember her pain. Well, that might be a good thing. It was always just as well to remember that one couldn't have life all one's own way. The stiletto would always remind her that Stephen could give her nothing but pain. She would marry Max and go away with him to the "coloured countries." The stiletto decided her. But she would not tell Stephen until it was all over. Having made up her mind she did not want it unsettled—and Stephen would argue, point out how little in common she and young Max had; point out to her how unsuited she was to lead Max's wandering kind of life; urge upon her that she would miss her comfortable flat with its view over the Park, miss her own lares and penates about her; regret her Sussex cottage in the months when the roses were coming into bloom. . . . She knew it all, and she did not want to be reminded of it. She was thirty and Max loved her, and she could not face a life with no one caring . . . and it was a relief, anyhow, to have made up one's mind.

When she saw Max the next day she made a last despairing effort to effect a compromise. "I don't want to have to give up the cottage," she said; "need we? I mean—I like England. In the summer, anyhow, and the spring is lovely, too, and the autumn. If we could just be abroad in the winter."

Max laughed. "The English winter is nine months of the year, anyhow," he said, "so that's O.K. with me."

She persisted. "But I want to be here for more than three months of the year; there are all my friends——"

He said angrily, "If they mean more to you than I do——"

There was never any arguing with Max, yet still she fought for herself. "If you love me don't you care about *my* happiness—*my* wishes?"

That made him very angry indeed. "Don't you know that the appeal to a person's love is the most damnably unfair appeal one human being can make to another? And it's the weapon you women always use! It's one of the reasons why, as Mr. Arlen says, 'men dislike women.'"

She saw then how easily she might lose him. He had this youthful arrogance, this fundamental selfishness. And if she lost him—what was there left? The silver stiletto gleamed on the writing-table, and it was as though it said, "Nothing but the sword in your heart," and she flinched before that relentless reminder. She lifted the slender shining thing, grateful for its cold reassurance against her fingers.

(Continued on page 140)

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, as it appeared fifty years ago, a straggling, struggling city at the south-east end of Vancouver

A panoramic view of the flourishing city of Vancouver, with the harbour and accessibility by road, rail and water mak

BRITISH Columbia's early history makes one think of that song of W. S. Gilbert's with its refrain,

"He might have been a Rooshan, a Frenchman, Turk or Prooshan,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an,
But in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman,"

for it nearly became Spanish, nearly became part of the United States, and nearly became a Crown Colony before it finally ended the first chapter of its history with the Act of Confederation on July 20, 1871

"WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES"

A view of the Saanick Peninsula, the long, picturesque inlet in the south-east of the Island of Vancouver. The country here is remarkably beautiful and the range of hills screening the waters beyond provides a perfect background to the wooded plain with its well-cultivated fields

THE SPOIL

The return of a hunting expedition from Sooke Bay, in the sou British Columbia is a happy hunting ground for the sportsma marksma

THE BRITAIN OF THE WESTERN WORLD

in the background. Its broad, straight streets, tall blocks of office buildings it a credit to the Province and the Empire

A photograph of Victoria as it is to-day. A glance at the picture on the opposite page is sufficient to realise how wonderfully it has developed in every way

Since that memorable day, British Columbia has progressed all along the line, and now, at its Diamond Jubilee, it can look back with pride on its achievements during the last sixty years.

ITS population has increased from just over 36,000 to approximately 600,000 souls, its industrial development has advanced by leaps and bounds, ranking third in all Canada with regard to manufacturing; also leads in timber and fisheries, and stands second in mineral production. A great record for the Province, whose future is bright and hopeful to a degree.

OF THE CHASE

of Vancouver Island, with four cougars, or pumas, and a deer. the woods always affording a large variety of sport for the rifle

A VERY HIGH TEE

Driving off from one of the tees on the Victoria Golf Course. As will be gathered, it is as well to keep out of the rough!

"WELL CAUGHT, SIR!"

A fifty pound "spring" that fell to the rod and line of a fisherman at Campbell River, where the fishing is excellent

THE SILVER STILETTO (continued from page 137)

Max asked quickly, "That's new—where did you get it?"

She told him, "Stephen Hilgarde gave it to me for my birthday." She held it out to him for its inspection. "It's very sharp," she said; "be careful."

He took it from her and examined it, frowning. "Why does that fellow give you presents?"

She smiled. "Why not? We are very old friends."

"You always said he made you unhappy."

She flushed slightly at this retort, but answered quietly, "That was because at one time I was foolish about him."

"You were in love with him," said Max definitely.

She said restlessly, "Oh, don't let's go over all that again, Max. I told you how I felt about him. It's all over now—I've got you."

"Apparently it isn't all over, since you still accept presents from him."

His youthful jealousy struck her as ridiculous, but she smothered her irritation.

"Why shouldn't one accept a birthday present from a friend? Don't be absurd, Max!"

He laid the stiletto back on the writing-desk. "Would you like it if I accepted presents from a woman I was once in love with?"

She wanted to say, "If she were never in love with you, and you no longer in love with her, I wouldn't mind"; but since she was still in love with Stephen an innate honesty kept her silent. In argument, anyhow, Max always won; it was always better to give in at the outset.

She said tactfully, "I hadn't thought of it like that," so that he scored. It didn't matter. Hers was the secret ultimate victory, anyhow . . .

She wrote to Stephen that night: "My mind is definitely made up. I am going to marry Max. I shall give up this flat and the cottage, as we shall be abroad most of the time. I shall be home-sick—but that is better than being heart-sick. It's ridiculous and humiliating this need for love, but there it is. It's not your fault you can't love me the way I want, any more than it's my fault I love you; tiresome for both of us. Max is a sort of flame, and perhaps I shall catch fire from him. Thank you for the stiletto; you couldn't have given me anything better; it's a constant reminder of the futility of loving someone who doesn't love you. I think I shall keep it under my pillow on our honeymoon lest I grow sentimental thinking of you."

She reflected, when she had written it, that it would be better to post this letter on the eve of her leaving England; she did not want Stephen to have it whilst she was still likely to encounter him. So it lay on her writing-desk beside the stiletto, waiting.

And it was there that Max, calling for Wanda at the flat a little earlier than she had expected him, found it. He picked it up and stared at it, frowning. That fellow Hilgarde—why was she still writing to him? It couldn't be to thank him for his birthday gift—she must have thanked him for that a week ago. She had assured him that what she had once felt for Stephen Hilgarde was all over . . . yet he sent her presents, and she was still writing to him . . . on the eve of being married to someone else.

Rage surged up in him. He was damned if he was going to have it. If Wanda hadn't cut out her men friends by the time she was on the verge of being married, it was time she had. . . . His first impulse was to tear the letter up and present the pieces to Wanda so that she would know that he "wasn't going to stand for this sort of thing." It would be a gesture . . . unfortunately, human nature's curiosity is stronger than its love of a "gesture." Before he destroyed the letter Max wanted to know what it was that Wanda had to say to Stephen. He fingered the letter thoughtfully. Opening other people's letters was a despicable act . . . prying into other people's secrets. . . . But people who were going to be married ought not to have secrets from each other. There might, after all, be nothing in the letter; it would be ridiculous to tear the letter up if it was merely Wanda writing to tell a friend that she was going to be married, or giving him the title of a book, or something like that. Wanda would be furious, and it would be merely causing trouble over nothing. If the letter was "innocent" it could go . . . all the same, Wanda ought not to be writing at all to someone she had once loved, on the eve of her wedding to someone else. . . .

It being always easy to find excuses for the thing one wants to do, Max decided that in the circumstances he was "within his rights" in reading Wanda's letter to Stephen Hilgarde. He began to peel back the flap of the envelope, found that it was beginning to tear, and looked about for means of opening the envelope more efficiently. He glanced at the untidy writing-desk—there was a wooden paper-knife . . . but that would be too coarse; the stiletto gleamed up at him . . . positively it winked at him. Ah, yes, the very thing; so beautifully fine, razor-sharp. . . . He slid the fine, thin blade under the flap of the envelope, and it opened as cleanly as though it had never been sealed.

He took out the folded sheet it contained and read what Wanda had written to Stephen.

WHEN Wanda got back to the flat the letter lay where she had left it on the writing-desk, sealed, waiting to be posted. But Max was not there. The maid said he had come half an hour earlier than he was expected, waited about ten minutes, then gone. No, he had left no message.

She telephoned to his club, where he lived, but was told that he had gone out but not returned. She left a message that he should be told when he came in that she had rung up. A few hours later a message came from the club porter. Mr. Max Spearman had been in and had left the message that he had had to go abroad immediately and did not know when he would be back. "He said you would understand, miss," the porter added.

Wanda, replacing the receiver, had never been more bewildered in her life. Max had gone abroad—and left no message. But they were to be married in a few days! What did it mean? What on earth *could* it mean?

The maid came in and set the tea-tray down on the writing-desk.

She said, "I'm going to the post in a few minutes, miss. Should I take that letter?"

Absent-mindedly Wanda answered, "Yes." She could not think of anything but Max's incredible conduct. There must be some mistake. She telephoned the club again.

But apparently there was no mistake. "He caught the four o'clock boat-train, miss," the porter told her.

She could not believe it, and yet, somehow incredibly, it was true. There was nothing she knew of in Max's life which should take him abroad at a moment's notice like that. Perhaps he would telephone from Dover, explaining. Perhaps he would send a wire. But, in the meantime, what on earth could she do? She might telephone Stephen and ask him to take her to dinner. And yet, if she did that, she might be out when Max telephoned—and he must telephone. He couldn't just go off like that without a word. . . .

She dined at the flat—that is to say, she had her maid bring her a tray, but she merely picked at the cold chicken and salad set out on it. Her mind went round and round like a squirrel in a cage. Why—why——? He had come there that afternoon—and gone again, without a word, gone abroad. . . .

At ten o'clock the telephone bell rang. She flew to it in a frenzy, telling herself, as she grabbed it, that of course,

(Continued on page 148)

BY APPOINTMENT

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LAWN TENNIS

WHY DID WE FAIL AT WIMBLEDON?

By "Volleyer"

THE FINAL WHICH WAS NEVER PLAYED

S. B. Wood and F. X. Shields, both of America, reached the final of the Singles Championship at Wimbledon, when the latter retired owing to a slight injury sustained in a previous match. Had not a Davis Cup contest been in the offing F. X. Shields would assuredly have not given his countryman a walk-over. F. J. Perry, of England, was also made to scratch in the Mixed Doubles for the same reason, which seems to prove that the Championships take second place nowadays to International encounters

A more flattering picture of Fraulein Cilli Aussem who, for the first time, took the Women's Championship to Germany

THIS year at Wimbledon everything seemed "set fair" for a real English success. Neither of the singles holders (Mrs. Wills Moody and William Tilden) were competing. Our own players had previously shown form against the foremost of the overseas competitors which was quite remarkable. In fact, as I say, everything seemed as favourable as possible, and yet the net result is that we did not arrive at all.

I SAY this particularly in the singles events, because it was here that we so especially hoped for success, and any one who saw the Shields-Austin match will fully realise how unlucky we were when only one point stood between our English hope and victory.

Austin definitely had his big chance the day he met Shields, for I am much inclined to think that if these same two players met for another five matches Shields would win more easily each time; yet at the crucial moment, and at their meeting last week, Austin should *certainly* have won.

THIS is the more remarkable from the fact that the English player was conceding a great deal in the relative value of their services (and even so, Shields missed no less than five returns in one very critical game).

Although Fraulein Cilli Aussem fell in her match against her countrywoman, Fraulein Krahwinkel, as seen above, she was not beaten, but won by 6-2, 7-5, and thus justified "The Bystander's" tip given before the Championships started

Perry, again, in his match with Wood, although he retrieved the most amazing balls and kept the pace going all the time, showed the same lack of severity in his service, and at critical moments was inclined not to concentrate nearly enough, and in consequence lost several most valuable points which he might otherwise have won. I am afraid that we must face the fact that at the moment our leading players have not yet got sufficient severity, and depth of game, to carry them right into the front line.

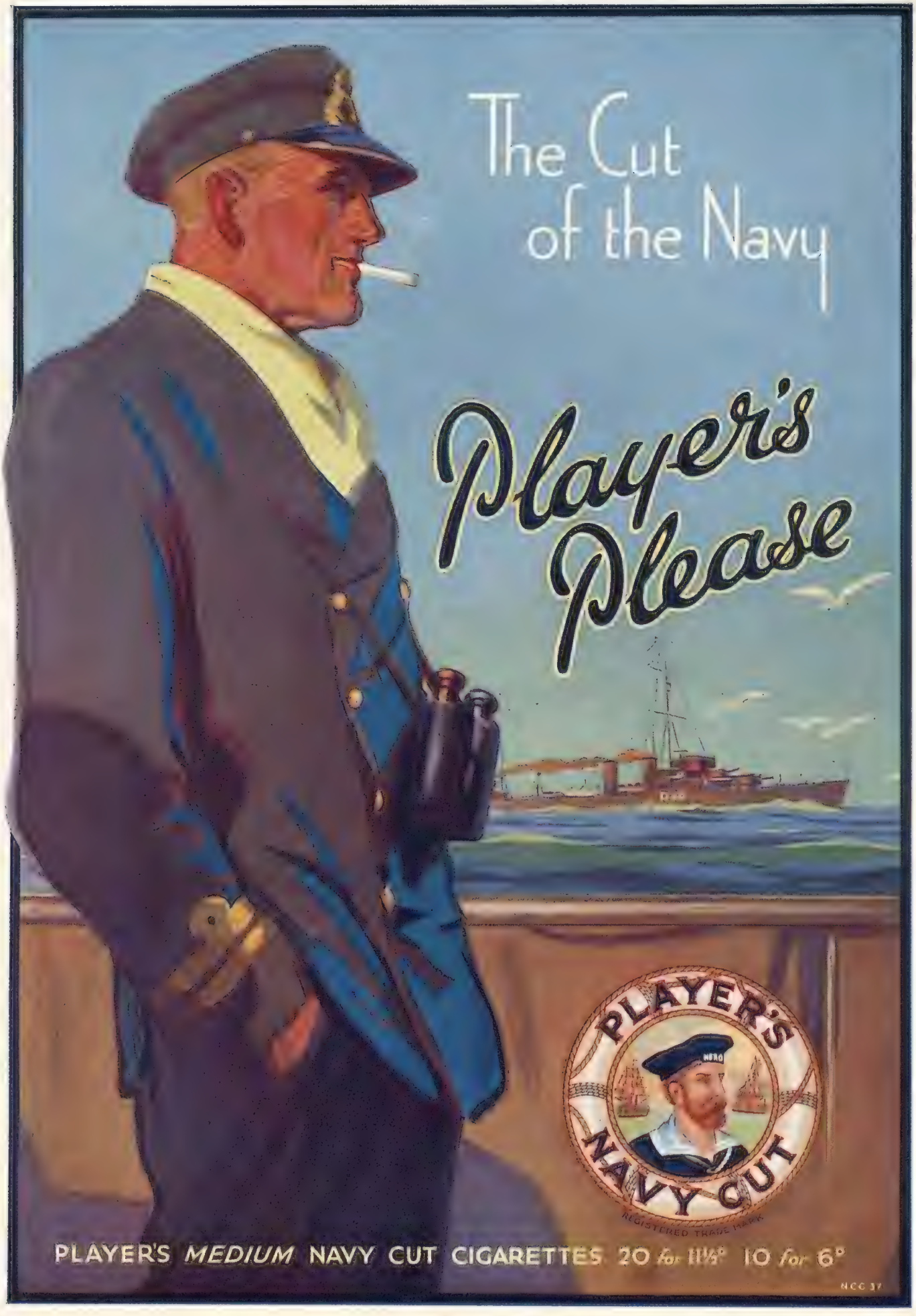
IT is not the fact that we cannot breed players of sufficient physical strength; it is, I think, that our *policy* is wrong, and that we are more and more inclined to bring our "Bull-dog tenacity" into the game of lawn tennis, deeming it a merit to win by a process of exhaustion, and not (as Frank Shields so aptly shows us) by going out for the shot fearlessly *when the moment comes*, and, most of all, by *varying* the attack.

MANY people may criticise Shields' game on the ground that he is erratic at times and makes a number of

(Continued on page 145)

Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle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WHY DID WE FAIL AT WIMBLEDON? (continued from page 142)

mistakes. Let them remember that he is barely twenty, that he is looking ahead, and that he has the idea of becoming a "world beater" before him. He may win at Wimbledon—if so, good; but the end is to be beyond even that. He is working for success on an even higher scale, and therefore, if by going out for his shot at the critical moment he loses this year, he still has the right policy for his ultimate success. I know that this is what we must do in future, and we must advocate the policy of attack, and not only the policy of attrition.

I BELIEVE this terrible "safety first" movement in English lawn tennis has come about from the fact that so many of our best players "go the round" so continually; in other words, that they are fast becoming tournament hacks instead of champions. They may win a lot of pots, get put up, see a lot of different places, and generally pass a very successful season; but if they would only cut out some of the tournaments and play real hard practice and training matches (as so many of the leading French and American players do), we should, I think, produce something much more like the real thing.

ALL this tournament tennis is very bad. One week's play and one week's practice is far more likely to act as a forcing house for budding talent than a long grind of meetings, where the same standard of form must be kept up, and therefore exploiting and strengthening the weaknesses in one's game is quite out of the question.

As an instance. Cilli Aussem, our new Champion, between her Riviera season and the Paris Championships, played no tournament tennis at all, but confined herself only to hard practice games with Nafuek (the famous German pro), in which she worked hard at all the weak points in her game. This four weeks, I consider, has improved her game almost half fifteen.

AMONGST our own foremost women Miss Betty Nuthall has shown us that she can be a most forceful player, with a very fine volley as a means of finishing off her rallies. Yet against Miss Jacobs (whom she had beaten in Paris by the same score as she was defeated by at Wimbledon) she seemed utterly unable to produce any variety of game; and because her beautiful drives were not functioning well she had very little indeed to fall back upon, and did not seem to envisage the fact that it would have been possible to play more safely to try to win the second set in order that she might have given herself a chance to get her drives going in the third. Miss Jacobs, on the other hand, does try to vary her game. She drives, chops and top cuts the ball, and varies her baseline game with some very able excursions to the net.

ENGLISH WINNERS AT WIMBLEDON

Miss Mudford (left) and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron, the only English players who won any event. They beat Mlles. Metaxa and Sigart in the final of the Women's Doubles by 3—6, 6—3, 6—4

Miss Peggy Scriven, the youngest of our women players at Wimbledon with the best record, being the only English girl to reach the last eight, when she made a bold bid against Madame Mathieu, Champion of France, for a place in the semi-final

MISS SCRIVEN, too, who, I must say, as the youngest of the three English competitors to reach the last eight, certainly deserves great credit, did go down driving hard and manfully to the last, but even she showed rather a lack of sound headwork by losing innumerable and very valuable points in her match with Mme. Mathieu by persisting too often with a backhand drop shot, which absolutely refused to come off at all. Her service, too, is somewhat tentative, and she will have to work hard at the backhand department of her game if she means to get to the top of the tree. We have got to get our women players on to the lines of Mrs. Wills-Moody, who has learnt the happy combination of "pace and steadiness" combined.

THERE is no doubt she was much missed this summer, and during some of the very long-drawn-out women's matches one heard innumerable remarks, such as "I wish we had Helen to polish off this match in twenty minutes, as she could do if she were here." However, after reverses in the singles, it is a comfort to feel that in the doubles, at any rate, we had two English pairs in the limelight, Collins and Miss Ridley came through some hair-raising close matches with great success, and one cannot help feeling that we were very unlucky to lose the chance of having an all-English Mixed final when Perry fell and hurt his knee, when he and Miss Heeley had won an easy first set and were leading Lott and Mrs. Harper in the semi-final round, apparently heading straight for victory.

MRS. SHEPHERD-BARRON and Miss Mudford thoroughly deserved their victory in the Women's Doubles, and the spirited hitting in the long three-set final ended in a regular tornado of cheering from a very crowded house as the first British victory was recorded. Mlles. Sigart and Metaxa were a new combination of up and back, who played extremely well together, and brought off some very spectacular shots.

"VOLLEYER."

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MEMOIRS, MIRTH AND MURDERS

By "Junius"

ONCE upon a time autobiography was regarded as the special field of the aged—men and women who could look back upon long, successful and interesting lives, and tell us the inner workings of past history. In those days, too, there was a sort of axiom that you had a freer pen when you were old, and, therefore, could tell stories of dead contemporaries which would have been libellous or "bad taste" if published whilst they were living. But now there seems to be a growing fashion amongst our younger novelists to pour forth the story of their lives when they have reached the half-way milestone to three score and ten.

RECENTLY, we had Mr. Cecil Roberts' memoirs, written at the age or forty; now we have Mr. William Gerhardi's *Memoirs of a Polyglot* (Duckworth: 18*s*.). And Mr. Gerhardi is thirty-five. Both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Gerhardi are in the first flight of the successful younger school. Perhaps that is the reason for their memoirs; perhaps they have been impelled by their success to let their many readers know what manner of men they are. Mr. Gerhardi has crowded more movement, more experience, more goings up and down in the world into his life than has been accomplished by most men—even the adventurous—twice his age.

ENGLISH, despite his name, he was born in Russia, where his father was a prosperous manufacturer. He was in London when war broke out and volunteered immediately. His mastery of four languages, however, was recognised as making him more useful as an interpreter and liaison officer than a cavalry trooper, and he was appointed to a mission sent to Siberia. When the War was over Mr. Gerhardi's father was ruined, but he himself had saved sufficient from his War allowances, bonus and gratuity on demobilisation to "educate myself" at Oxford. There his first novel, *Futility*, was written. *The Polyglots* followed. The book attracted the notice of Lord Beaverbrook, who "endeavoured to get up a sale" of the book. But his efforts were not successful. "Lord Rothermere," says Mr. Gerhardi, "whom I asked whether he thought a newspaper could turn a novel into a best-seller, replied with characteristic moderation: 'Yes, when a book's sales are already on the increase; no, when a book has not yet got on its feet.' Newspaper proprietors, I soon saw, were less powerful than generally imagined."

MR. GERHARDI knows all the leading literary figures of our time. From being an unknown youth, scarcely able to speak English when he first came to London, his work has brought him, and deservedly so, within the magic circle. His portraits of H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Hugh Walpole, and other lights of our literature, are keenly observed, and if sometimes a little caustic, are always tinged with humour. This, for example: "Philip Guedalla, with great facial contortions, rather like an ancient clock which scrapes and wheezes before it strikes the hour, delivered himself of a few brilliant, brilliantined remarks."

WILLIAM GERHARDI

The author of "Memoirs of a Polyglot," a volume of autobiography published by Duckworth at 18*s*.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS

Who, in "The Scent of Death" (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.), has broken fresh literary ground. His mystery story is reviewed by "Junius" in this article

THESE memoirs were certainly worth the writing, and are sure to be widely read. But I think, myself, that Mr. Gerhardi has fallen into the error common to youthful writers of autobiography. He seems to think that all the incidents of his life are of equal importance—otherwise he would not have been so disconcertingly frank about his numerous love affairs. However, he gives it as his opinion that "Any subject is fit for print, but there are fit and unfit ways of expressing it."

THE toppling over of Continental thrones and the gradual disappearance of the big English country house through taxation have deprived the novelists of two prolific fields of plot-making. Think of the number of novels that were written about Imperial Russia, with all their concomitants of Nihilists, Secret Police, Siberia, and lovely Russian princesses; of the number of novels with their setting in the small German Courts; and the greater number still whose stories were woven around English "Halls," "Castles," "Towers" and "Courts." There must be thousands about the "stately homes of England." They had a steady output for a century.

Novelists know that no publisher would give a second glance at a book dealing with the first two. They likewise know that unless they make the owner a millionaire their readers would scoff at any presentment of country house life on pre-War lines. So now, if they want to write about country house life they must take the reverse of the medal and show the former "rich and great" in impoverishment. Mr. Andrew Soutar, forsaking the usual atmosphere of his novels, has done this in *Strange Bedfellows* (Hutchinson, 7*s*. 6*d*.). I find the book both brilliant and amusing.

SIR THOMAS SHADROW, a Sussex baronet and a magistrate, hedged in by all the limitations of his ancient lineage and position, is absolutely ruined. The mortgagee is about to foreclose on the old family mansion, Highfield Court, when the second son, who has been sent to America with the hope of repairing the family fortunes, appears, accompanied by an American young woman. He has made no fortune in America, but he has learnt the

(*Continued on page* 148)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 146)

Pearl Freeman

Miss Molly Bishop, who has won the Royal Drawing Society's Gold Medal for Portraits. She is the daughter of Col. H. O. Bishop, of Harewood, Andover Down. At fourteen she won the Princess Louise Gold Medal for Drawing

value of work, and since they must leave Highfield, whisks his whole family away in a caravan and a trailer. For their adventures "on the road," the odd folk they met, and how Reginald and his family made money by giving "shows" in villages and small towns; and especially how Sir Thomas became an expert poacher, I must refer you to the book, which is one of the most diverting I have read for a long time. You may say the whole thing is impossible, but Mr. Soutar makes the story not only possible but convincing. I must confess I got a little tired of the Americanisms of Sadie, the girl from Philadelphia, but people who go often to the cinema will doubtless understand them all.

ANOTHER author to break fresh ground is Mr. Morley Roberts, whose latest book, *The Scent of Death* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) deals with the murder of Sir Geoffrey Thurland. But, frankly, I cannot see that Mr. Roberts has achieved success in this, to him, new line of fiction. I think he has fallen between two stools—his sense of character and the desire to create mystery. Also, his theme is more suitable for a short story than a novel of over three hundred pages. There is a reiteration of facts, but the central idea is original and ingenious. Suspicion, throughout the book, points to one man as the murderer, but there is no actual proof until the end, which is a new way of treating an old theme, but leaves the reader without the thrill of unexpected discovery.

IN strong contrast is *The Swan Island Murders* (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Victoria Lincoln. You cannot imagine a more uncomfortable house than that belonging to Nahum Gould on Swan Island, somewhere in the region of Halifax. At least, I gather that is its location, since the narrator of the story and her fiancé "put out in the fog from Halifax" to get there. From the moment the young woman, Connie, enters the house, she is filled with fears and a sensation of evil. These are realised in full measure. Two Portuguese are found strangled near the house; one of the house party, a dramatist, is found shot in the library; and the host's secretary is found strangled in a woodbasket. Pleasant happenings, all within a few days! It would be unfair to a most ingenious inventor of murders to indicate in any way the author of these several crimes. If you like a baffling mystery with a wholly unexpected solution read *The Swan Island Murders.*

FOR a hefty hero commend me to Joe Burnish, whose doings are told in *Eastern Slave* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Peter Martin. There's never a tight place in his two rescues of the Chinese slave-girl, Win Kee, generally known as Winkie, first in Singapore and then from a town just over the border between Malay and Siam, out of which he does not emerge triumphant by the use of his fists or revolver. His deeds of derring-do and his adventure among the sharks may strain your credulity, but Mr. Martin knows his Malaya, and knows, too, how to write an exciting story of adventure in a setting of Eastern colour and mystery, which makes any adventure possible.

"JUNIUS."

THE SILVER STILETTO (continued from page 140)

she knew he would ring; of course, of course. . . . But it wasn't Max. It was Stephen. He said, "May I come round for a few moments? I want to—rather specially."

She said Yes, hardly knowing what she said. Someone to talk to—that would be something; she would be able to tell Stephen; it was better than being alone, tormented by that spectral question-mark.

Within a quarter of an hour Stephen was with her. He said, "I'm glad you were in, but I expected you would be. I got your letter by the ten o'clock post."

"My letter? Oh, yes, I remember. I wrote telling you I was going to marry Max, didn't I? Well, that's all off."

"Yes. So I gather."

She stared at him. "What do you mean? I didn't know myself till a few hours ago."

"And I didn't know until ten o'clock."

"You? But who told you?"

He held the letter out to her. "There is a postscript. Read it."

SHE took the letter from him. "Postscript? I didn't add a postscript. . . ." She glanced at what she had written, then started. In Max's handwriting she read, "P.S.—It was thoughtful of you to give Wanda a stiletto for a birthday present; it enabled me to open this letter to you with beautiful ease. But she will not need to keep the stiletto under her pillow during her honeymoon, because, so far as I am concerned, there isn't going to be one. I wasn't cut out by nature as a refuge from unrequited love."

Wanda sank limply into a chair. "The little beast," she said; "the little beast!"

Stephen laughed suddenly. "The stiletto was a way out, after all! You were right! It's got you out of this."

She buried her face in her hands. "Oh, but what's the use, what's the use? What's going to happen to me now? I haven't anyone . . ." It was humiliating to weep before Stephen, and yet—what could it matter now, when she had already humiliated herself so much—and when Max had heaped humiliation upon humiliation?

Stephen crossed to the writing-desk and picked up the stiletto. "You said that green was unlucky, and the stiletto was a symbol of a wound. Well—look!"

She looked up and saw him bend the long, slender blade back so that it snapped. He dropped the pieces into the waste-paper basket and went over to her.

"The stiletto has served its purpose, Wanda. I'm glad Max opened that letter and glad that you wrote it. If Max hadn't opened it he wouldn't have gone away . . . and I couldn't have come to you. The first part of your letter was a shock, Wanda, that you really had made up your mind to marry Max and go away with him. But the postscript was my reprieve." He laughed softly and stroked her hair. "People often have to be on the verge of losing something before they realise how much they want it, you know. I was a little frightened after I'd given you the stiletto—and now I'm glad. You've got a perfectly wonderful chance to snub me, Wanda, and every right to—but please don't."

That Wanda didn't is revealed by the fact that to Max, sunning himself on the Lido, and only with difficulty remembering that he was officially recovering from a broken heart, came a note wrapped round a silver stiletto with a shagreen handle.

The note was in Wanda's handwriting, and it was as pointed as the blade it enfolded. "Stephen and I were married in London yesterday. We thought that as you find these things so useful you would like to have this one for your very own—with our joint blessing."

E. M.

The Good old Times . . .

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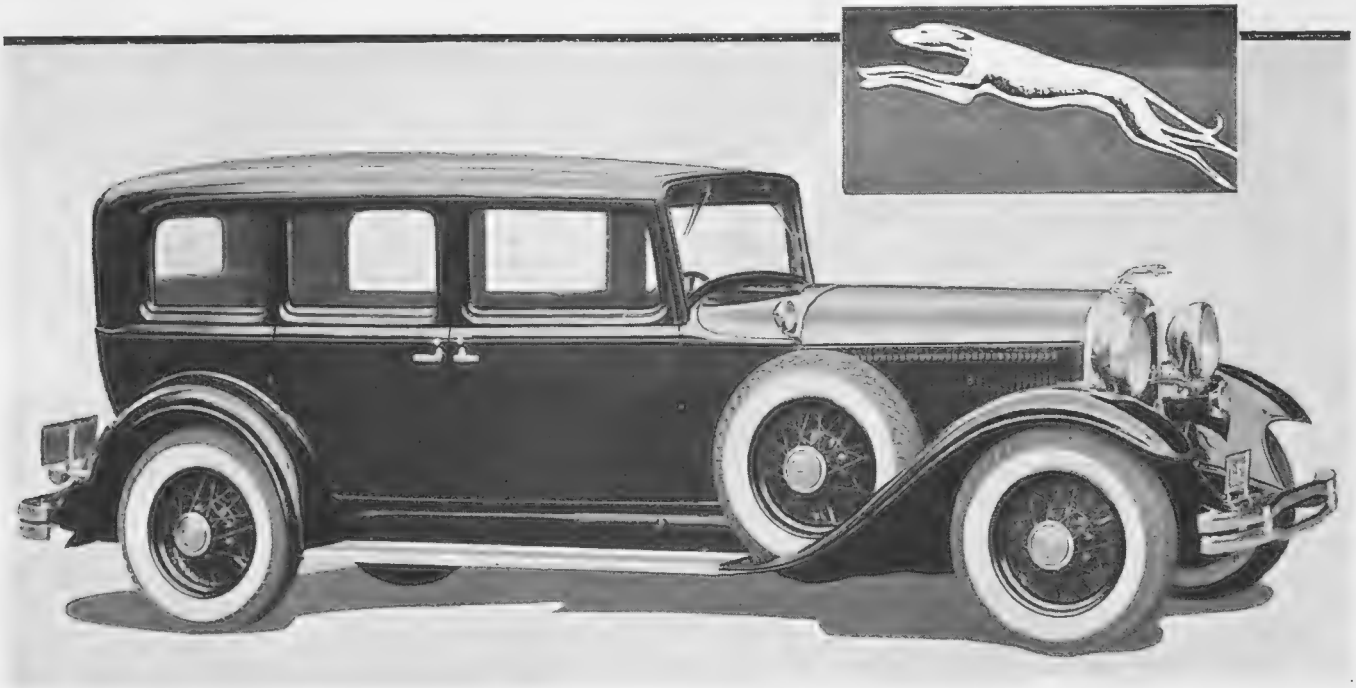

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PARIS GOSSIP

FIRES, FOOD and FILMS

BY SYLVIA LYON

A competition in progress in the outdoor fencing alleys of the Vichy Sporting Club. Vichy is famous not only as a spa, but also as one of the leading centres of sport on the Continent, and its Sporting Club contains, among other features, two golf courses, ten hard courts and one covered court, an open-air fencing ground, a private swimming pool, a polo ground and an Association football ground

THINGS have been afoot in Paris. There were the meetings of Mr. Andrew Mellon, the American Secretary of the Treasury, with Messieurs Laval, Briand and Flandin; there were the garden party at the British Embassy; the Beaumont ball, with the decorations and costumes having for their theme the Colonial Exhibition; the Dutch pavilion at the Exhibition burned down; the Fabre-Luce party, with supper at tables for two, the partners fore-ordained by the hosts and a mystery to all the guests until the moment of being seated; the Charles de Noailles' party, Ganna Walska's party at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, and the American Fourth of July celebrations.

PROPAGANDA suggests that the Germans burned down the Dutch pavilion at the Exhibition because they are angry at having no colonies left of their own. This idea is especially brilliant, as the Germans are most friendly with the Dutch—an idea most people overlook at cocktail-time. Others say the Italians burned it down because, as next-door neighbours at the Exhibition, they are jealous. And while, of course, the American dentists are the most important features of the American colonial exhibition, the Italian colonial soldiers stationed at Vincennes are the handsomest, tallest, and smartest there.

HOWEVER — and now I am being serious—there is no doubt that the fire at the Exhibition was of incendiary origin, as it is now definitely known that it started at three different points. The evening after the disaster I was out there and saw what was the most beautiful and interesting of all the exhibits an acre of ashes. The restaurants across the road, however, remain intact, and there I took consolation. The native restaurant is called "Waroong Djawa." Under a general heading known as "Rijsraffels," one eats "Kerechten met kip," also known as Tiffen and containing all sorts of things, such as Gado-Gado. A Javanese waiter gravely indicates what one eats with what. He did not, however, tell me to go easy on the Gado-Gado, which contains pimentoes. Just as I had absorbed a large amount of pimentoes the fire-bells rang and I thought I was ablaze. The engines, however, did not dash up to put me out, but to put out a rival blaze that had flared up in the ruins of the Dutch pavilion. I may also warn readers against "Seroendeng," which is showered with cocoanut. However, perhaps you like cocoanuts. "Mata Sapi" are eggs, not to be confused with Mata Hari, who was a spy—and a bad egg.

Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, the best-dressed actress on the French stage, with M. Alfred Savoir, the famous playwright, at the Paramount studios at Joinville. In private life she is the Comtesse Michel de Zogheb

A LITTLE information about the United States pavilion, which is known as Mount Vernon. Many people, especially the British, do not understand the nature of this section. They no doubt expected to see the Empire State building and Al Capone. However, Virginia was once a small British colony, you see, and in Virginia was a country house called "Mount Vernon," the proprietor of which was a man named George Washington. It was there that he entertained Admiral Rochambeau and the General Marquis de La Fayette. The building is a replica of the original Mount Vernon, and the furnishings are reproductions of the lovely Adam and Chippendale and Hepplewhite pieces of the original.

AN interesting day was spent by "the writer" at the Paramount studios at Joinville, when she had lunch with Alfred Savoir and Gabrielle Dorziat, who was the best-dressed actress on the French stage, especially in *La Femme Nue*, and is now the Comtesse Michel de Zogheb, and is still one of the best-dressed women in Paris. I patiently watched young Maurice Pagnol, the author of *Marius*, drinking beer beside a fountain under the trees, and when he got over that he took us to see Pierre Fresnay, the original "Marius," making a talkie out of him. They are also making German, Swedish, and Spanish versions. They are shortly to make a talkie from Savoir's *The Grand Duchess and the Head Waiter*—that is, said Savoir, as soon as they can find a Russian for the leading rôle. "All you have to find," I suggested, "is a Grand Duchess." M. Savoir thought I was only joking, but I was serious. A Grand Duchess should be engaged if only to anger the other Grand Duchesses.

S. L.

VARSITY RECORD BREAKERS

Above : The Nawab of Pataudi batting at Lord's during Oxford's first innings. His record-breaking score of 238 not out paved the way to the Dark Blues' first victory since 1923

Left : Two record-breakers. The Nawab of Pataudi, whose innings of 238 not out on the second day of the Varsity match broke the record score of 201 set up by A. Ratcliffe, of Cambridge (right), with whom he is seen

Right : G. D. Kemp-Welch, the Cambridge captain, scoring a leg boundary off R. S. G. Scott. He scored 87 runs in the first innings and 28 in the second

A. G. Ratcliffe putting a ball through the slips off the bowling of H. G. Owen-Smith during Cambridge's first innings, when he made 201 runs. In the second innings he made only nine before being clean bowled by R. S. G. Scott

FLYING NOTES

AVIATION OR AEROBATICS? By Capt. C. E. Ward

ONE of the most unfortunate things about aviation is that it was started with a military mind, and through four crucial years of its infancy it was forced by the hot-bed of war along those lines. One consequence is that far too many people still judge a civil aircraft from a military standpoint. For some years after the War practically the only pilots available were war-trained, and it was only to be expected that they would continue to regard an aeroplane as a thrill-producing instrument rather than a sober vehicle of transport.

NO peace-time school of aerobatics is likely to compare for thoroughness with the one which stretched from Lille to Metz from 1915 to 1918. No device could ever induce the novice to test the manœuvrability of his machine with a more utter disregard for stress and strain than did a hot stream of "tracers" through the seat of his Sidcot. But the sudden cessation of "Archie" in 1918 left the atmosphere a surprisingly safe place. The departing Spandau and Parabellum guns took most of the hazards of aviation with them, and without those hazards flying for the mere sake of flying proved a tame pursuit. We continued to stunt from force of habit, out of sheer lightheartedness, and because there was nothing else to do in the air.

TOO many of our best pilots have never lost that habit, and the pupil has followed the master. Instead of showing the public how easy it is to fly they have so steadily persisted in making it look as difficult as possible that the community might be pardoned for thinking that the primary object of an aeroplane is to stunt. Too many people still judge an aircraft not by the standards for which it was designed but by the amount of throwing about it will stand before cracking up.

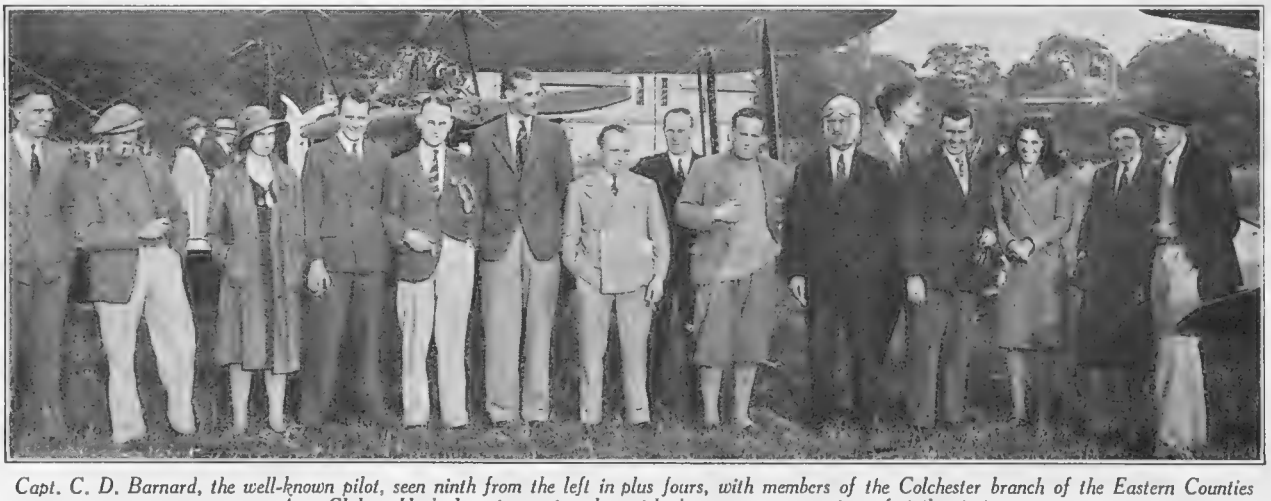
ANOTHER unfortunate result of the military mind still makes itself manifest in the popular belief that the operation of flying an aircraft demands a physique so magnificent that the ordinary man is automatically out of the picture. The logical deduction from this is that flying is a matter of extraordinary skill only acquired after long and careful instruction by an expert and the gradual absorption of his technique. Service flying admittedly demands these things, but applied to the simple flying of a light aeroplane nothing could be farther from the truth. Unfortunately, however, so long as this idea prevails aviation cannot become popular.

FLYING will not come within reach of the public until the public is convinced that it is really practicable, and that conviction will not come while every air-show to which they are invited consists chiefly of stunts requiring considerable nerve and no small ability. It has been discovered that you have only to advertise an air display to be sure of an audience; but are these shows helping aviation? Many people in the aircraft industry still regard them as good publicity—but are they? Neither aeroplane manufacturers or air line operators can rest content with their present patronage. Before they can consider themselves on a really sound footing they will have to multiply their clientele several times over, and that will certainly not be brought about by showing the public that only a fortunate few possess the nerve they naturally assume necessary to fly an aeroplane.

One of the ten new Moth "Trainers" supplied to the Swedish Royal Air Force by the De Havilland Company. Standing by the propeller is Mr. Cooke, of the same firm

WE cannot have all the good the manufacturers are doing undone by a few joy-riders. Let them use an aeroplane for the purpose for which it was designed by introducing more air-taxi flights or aerial sightseeing into their programme. No one would think of paying for a motor car ride today, but we once did that. Anyway, so long as the public pay cash to watch the spectacle of a few well-meaning but ill-advised people ill-treating light aeroplanes there will never be a popular market for aviation.

THE De Havilland Company is to be congratulated on securing an order from the Swedish Royal Air Force for the immediate supply of ten new Moth "Trainers," the contract closely following a visit paid to Stockholm by one of the De Havilland pilots, who demonstrated the aircraft to the Swedish authorities. The Moth "Trainer" is a logical development of the world-famous Gipsy Moth, and incorporates several special features for Service training, such as excellence of visibility and ease of exit in emergency with a parachute from either seat.



Capt. C. D. Barnard, the well-known pilot, seen ninth from the left in plus fours, with members of the Colchester branch of the Eastern Counties Aero Club. He had an interesting chat with them on many questions of civil aviation

TO-DAY and daily

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secures to every purchaser values in House Furnishings which cannot be surpassed. *For example:*

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Set H. Bedding.	£ s. d.
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HALF PRICE

a Manufacturer's Stock, purchased direct from the Liquidators, of Dining Room, Lounge and Bedroom

FURNITURE

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Hamptons' No. B16. **12 only. Bow-front Figured Walnut Bedsteads.** Fitted sanitary side and end rails. *Finest value obtainable.* 3 ft. 0 in. size.

Reduced from £9 15 0 to £7 19 6

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3ft. 0in. Elastic Edge Box Spring	5 5 0
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3 ft. 0 in. Grey Goose Feather Bolster	16 6
29 in. × 20 in. Grey Goose Feather Pillow	13 6
Set Bedding complete	£11 5 0
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For illustrations of many other unequalled bargains in Furniture (Modern and Antique), Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, Wallpapers, Furnishing Fabrics and Curtains, Lace Curtains, Household Linen, Pianos, China, Glass, Ironmongery, etc., see HAMPTONS' POST FREE SALE CATALOGUE

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Always Fine. Never too hot. 3½ days' trip.

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Complete with tap and carriage paid

Send 25/- for 2 bottles post paid and try the very excellent quality of it.

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Established in 1800

ON HOLIDAY

You can sun-bathe, sea-bathe and play games to your heart's content and still your hair will remain immaculate and lustrous if you dress it every morning with Rowland's Macassar Oil, the perfect hair food and hair dressing. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair

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Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.
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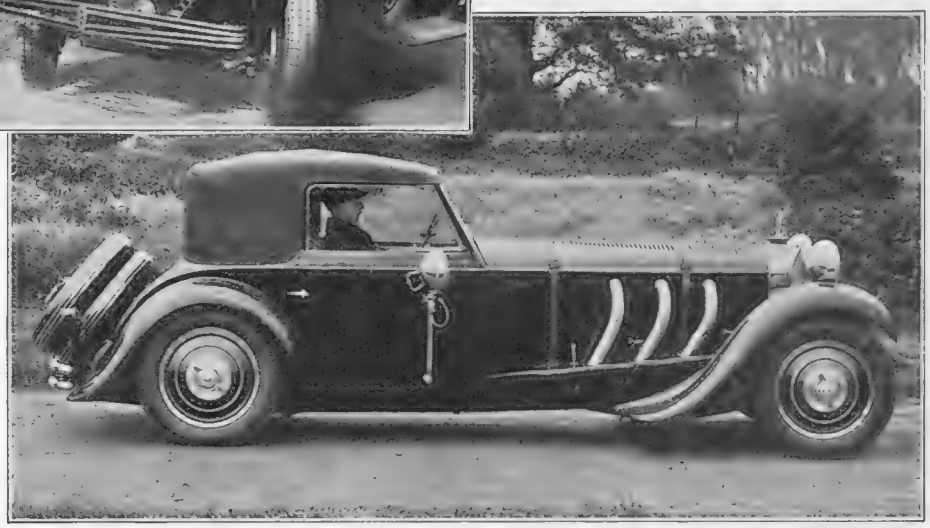
MOTOR NOTES

BUREAUCRACY BE BLOWED! By E. M. Wright

The Prince of Wales and Prince George seen at the chalet of the British Ambassador to Argentina at Mar del Plata during their visit to South America. In the foreground is a Humber Pullman saloon which formed one of the fleet of these cars used by the Princes during their tour



This exceedingly smart sports body, with closed head, close-coupled coupé, has been built by Thrupp and Maberly to the order of Mr. L. J. McCormick, the well-known American sportsman. It is mounted on a 33/220 h.p. Mercédès chassis and is equipped with every fitment that can be imagined

SUMMER and winter, the dazzle problem is always with us. For years it has been the joy of inventors, who have produced by the score and regardless of their cost ingenious but in the main quite impracticable gadgets. Now the Ministry of Transport is taking a hand and is, at this very moment, shaping in their final form the draft regulations it issued a short time ago. I readily admit the inconvenience, and frequently the danger, of dazzle, but I dread departmental regulations even more. One less versed in the waywardness of human nature might even question the necessity of any regulations at all. Every motorist has suffered so often that it ought surely to be unnecessary to *compel* us to fit anti-dazzle devices. It ought, but it ain't!

***

ANTI-DAZZLE devices help the other fellow, and, unfortunately, altruism is as rare as water in the Sahara—especially when it costs money. However distasteful it may be compulsion is inevitable. But when I recall that lighting offences are already by far the most numerous of the "crimes" for which motorists are convicted, I dare not contemplate what the future has in store, and when I recall the disastrous results which have followed other well-meant but short-sighted attempts to regulate motor car design I doubt still more.

***

THE real difficulty, of course, in overcoming dazzle lies in the fact, disguise it how you will, that the perfect driving light must necessarily cause dazzle to some extent. If cars were fitted with lights that did not dazzle at all, visibility would be dangerously impaired. In theory high speeds at night would be impossible; in fact, motorists would drive just as fast and twice as dangerously. At one time we were urged to "black out" when meeting oncoming cars, but experience quickly proved that this "cure" was more dangerous than the disease. "Blacking out" leaves one for the moment in Cimmerian darkness, and any unlighted obstruction on the road is totally invisible, while it is as well to remember that a cyclist's reflector is utterly useless if a following car is itself unlighted.

***

DIMMING is a modification only of "blacking out," and to a less degree suffers from the same disadvantages. In the opinion of the Technical Committee of the R.A.C. dipping, although satisfactory in most circumstances, is at the best only a compromise. It is not by any means the ideal solution. It will work fairly satisfactorily when two cars meet on an absolutely level road, but it cannot prevent occasional dazzle when, for instance, a car strikes a bump and the beam shoots upwards, or when a car is topping a rise. In the light of their experience dipping is the best system so far discovered. But—and it is a big but—they qualify this view with a strongly worded recommendation that any regulation drafted by the Minister of Transport shall deal with the "effect to be achieved" and not "with the nature of the device to be used." Will the regulations broadly interpret this commonsense point of view, or will they, as many regulations have done in the past, so stereotype design that in order to comply with the law motor car manufacturers are compelled to follow methods which have long since become obsolete in other countries? As owner-drivers we are already overwhelmed in this country by pettyfogging regulations. Are the very cars we use to be made compulsorily out of date because regulations forbid the fitting of a new device?

***

THIS is no vain imagining. The stunted growth of the London taxicab is an awful warning of the paralysis which is the inevitable consequence of attempts by Government officials to impose conditions on motor car design. Over a quarter of a century ago the authorities in their wisdom drew up a set of regulations laying down in minute detail how a London taxi should be built, and what it should do. The regulations, seventy-three in all, were probably most of them sound when they were introduced. But despite the vast changes which have come about since that pre-historic age, few of those regulations have ever been relaxed or modified in any form. The result is that a London taxicab is like no other vehicle on earth. As the old lady said when she first paid a visit to the Zoo

(*Continued on page 156*)

Decisive Braking

Danger . . . hair's breadth between safety and disaster; it's then that Firestone Heavy Duties make *certain*. As the brake grips home, that many-angled tread, deep cut into massive rubber, grips too—and *holds on to the road*. Time and again these good tyres—with the gold medallion and the gold stripe—will save the situation. Fit them now for "most miles per shilling" —for *safe* miles.

The Mark of Quality

Made In England on the Great West Road near London

Firestone

MOST MILES PER SHILLING

Service advt.

DOGS

THE SHOW AND THE SECRETARY

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

THIS is the season of the year when shows abound and the voice of the secretary is heard in the land. Who would be a show secretary? Not I, for he has to endure every form of abuse with patience and, if he can manage it, with courtesy. Imagine the plight of a man confronted by a raging spinster demanding an "early removal order," which cryptic words refer not to the spinster but to her dog. How often and how gladly would the secretary remove the spinster if he had the power to do so? A secretary is supposed by the public to be all-powerful, but in reality he is answerable to the Kennel Club for all he does. Dogs may not leave the show before the scheduled hour, for the very good reason that if you had paid to enter a show to see a certain dog you would be furious if you found the dog were not there. Dogs that reside further away than a certain distance, usually a hundred miles, are allowed to leave earlier than the others—hence the "early removal order."

A SHOW secretary may issue this order to anybody if he thinks the circumstances demand it, or the vet in attendance may permit a certain dog to be removed if it is ill; but as a rule, once in the show, there you have to remain till the legal hour for departure comes and you "hear a voice that calls you home." Once upon a time I employed the medium of tears to enable me to get an early removal, but that is a device which must be sparingly used, and never twice on the same man. I did not weep noisily, be it understood, but my voice broke and two drops gathered in the corner of each pleading eye.

Miss E. Cotton at the Championship Dog Show held in the Athletic Ground at Richmond. Her Great Dane, Saki, seems thoroughly bored by the proceedings

THE worst of this device is that, unless you are a film star, your nose gets red at the same time, which rather destroys your pathetic appearance. However, on this particular occasion it worked successfully, and "Alfred" and I arrived home just as less favoured individuals were leaving the show. I hasten to add that "Alfred" was suffering from a bad paw, so it was not all bluff on my part.

BUT though I says it as shouldn't, shows are at the bottom of bad paws and many another ailment, because we think too much of the outward appearance of our dogs when breeding and too little about their stamina and their brains. Besides, we cocker them up when, if they were ordinary pets, they would be left to work out their salvation and to look after their own paws. We laugh at women who go in for beauty competitions, yet we do the same with our dogs, neglecting their brains and merely thinking of their "points."

NEVERTHELESS there is a certain fascination about dog-showing, and I know of no greater triumph than that of receiving the congratulations of your friends when you make your dog a champion.

BY the time you read these Notes there will be a show somewhere in England every day, and if you are in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, or Worcester, or Richmond during the months of July and August look in and enjoy yourself.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 154)

and suddenly came upon a giraffe: "There ain't no sich thing."

***

IT is because I dread the hampering effect of regulations concerned with technical developments still imperfectly understood, and even more imperfectly applied, that I await the introduction of these new anti-dazzle regulations with so much misgiving. Motor car designers are conservative enough in all conscience, but when such originality as they possess is stifled at birth by the dead hand of Governmental control the opportunities for development and improvement are diminished almost to vanishing point. We in this country have suffered more than any other from grandmotherly interference. Coventry is shackled with the good intentions of over-zealous bureaucrats. When will they learn to leave well alone?

An enthusiastic crowd cheering one of the entrants in the recent National Reliability demonstration organised by the Ford Motor Company whilst the driver was checking in at Uxbridge. No fewer than 194 standard Ford cars completed a 72 hours' non-stop engine run

IN THE NEWS

A World Model

In introducing the Hillman Wizard the makers have made a bold bid for world markets. The car can rightly be described as a world model, for its specification includes many of those features which have proved so popular overseas. To liken it to an inexpensive American Six might, in the eyes of certain very English readers, be to condemn it out of hand. That is far from my intention, but by such a comparison I can most easily convey the impressions I gained in the course of a recent trial. Very comfortable springing and a standard track are two features which will specially appeal on "colonial" roads, which, incidentally, are by no means uncommon even in this country. Excellent brakes, very light steering and a simple gear change (thanks, of course, to its silent third), are other American features of which no British car need be ashamed. Above all, it has an engine sufficiently powerful to carry you almost anywhere in top—and the car as a whole needs the minimum of maintenance.

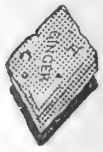
Its solidly built pressed-steel body is quite exceptionally roomy. Though nominally intended for five, the car is really a six-seater. The adjustable front seat is very wide, and has ample space for three—and that without fouling the controls. Although these are in the centre and are easy to reach, they are placed well forward, which, besides giving ample leg room for a possible third person, also allows of easy access to the driver's seat from the near side. Roominess is, in fact, one of the chief attractions of the Hillman Wizard—that and its remarkable power. It is, in short, a genuine utility car, which at the same time, as regards acceleration and hill-climbing, has the performance of a sports model.

Speedboat Thrills

The other day I went for a spin in a Dart speedboat on the Welsh Harp at Hendon, where an excellent service has been organised by Mr. J. W. Shillan, who has taken a leading part in popularising motor boat sport. He is, I hear, doing extremely well, not only in the week-end but throughout the week. Londoners can there enjoy a spin in a speedboat whenever they feel inclined, and it is not costly. E. M. W.

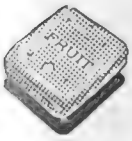
How dogs eat

SHAPES!



Want to make your dog an impetuous feeder? Show him SHAPES. Four different Shapes, four different flavours.

Wheatmeal, crisp for his teeth but not too hard. *Super,* the vitamin biscuit. *Fruit,* with real fruit in it for the digestion. And *Ginger,* a real appetiser.



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SHAPES

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SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, JACOB STREET LONDON S.E.1 (Branch of Spillers Limited)

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

Here Dwells Youth

LADY CAILLARD'S SLIMMING TABLETS

THE ONLY SAFE WAY to reduce weight without dieting, and THE ONLY METHOD which DOES NOT make the FACE and NECK thin, but does permanently reduce the HIPS and WAIST. As much as five pounds in weight can be lost in a week by taking LADY CAILLARD'S SLIMMING TABLETS, which are guaranteed by doctors to be harmless to the HEALTH.

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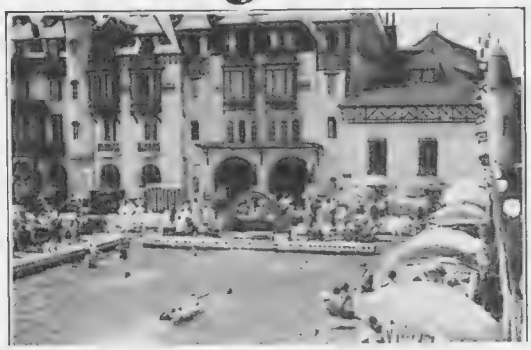
Beware of Dangerous imitations.

POURVILLE —
The Brightest Spot on the Channel Shore!



At Pourville the atmosphere is electric with gaiety. The spirit of revelry is in the air. By night, "the tables" in France's most elegant casino; and in the Hotel—music, dancing, and "all the fun of the fair." By day, a paradise for every kind of sportsman and sportswoman. From June to September better fun, better sport, better sea and sun-bathing, and a better time await you at Pourville, Normandy's glittering jewel of beauty within five hours of London.

For tariff and all information please write to The Manager, Grand Hotel & Casino, Pourville-sur-Mer, near Dieppe, or the London Office: 7 Albemarle Street, W.1.

Above: The swimming pool and terrace cafe, called the "Normandy Lido." On right: Exercising polo ponies on the beach. Below: The luxurious, delightfully situated Grand Hotel.

BOULE
BACCARA
POLO, GOLF
RACING
BATHING
FISHING
BOATING
TENNIS
DANCING

GRAND HOTEL & CASINO POURVILLE SUR MER

charm

TO-DAY, dress-charm—of line, of colour, of texture—is mostly a matter of access to the largest ranges of Fabrics.

The woman who best displays that charm owes her conquests to knowledge . . . her most heavenly "Creations" are due to *Courtaulds' Fabrics.*

ON the beaches, about the countryside, in exclusive salons, the sheer loveliness of *Courtaulds' Fabrics* has countless expressions. Loveliness fortified against air and sun and soiling. Loveliness guaranteed to its glad possessors—because they ask explicitly for *Courtaulds' Fabrics.*

COURTAULDS FABRICS

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

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Fashions Fancies

A GRACEFUL EVENING DRESS

That is destined to be seen at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace. It may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is expressed in very pale shell-pink satin, which is as soft as the petal of a rose

FROCKS OF PRINTED CHIFFON

TRICORNE AND BOWLER HATS, WRAP-COATS AND TAILORED SUITS

Fashions for the State Ball

IT is many years since there was a State ball at Buckingham Palace, and although the end of the Season is approaching, the notable dressmakers on both sides of the Channel are creating new evening models. There is nothing frivolous about them; the majority clear the ground from half an inch to an inch; the hip yokes are composed of mosaics cleverly dovetailed together; therefore the fit is perfect. Inverted pleats and godets are responsible for the fullness just before the knees are reached. All extreme notes are banished from the corsages, and more often than not there is a small puff or miniature sleeve. For the débutante some altogether charming picture frocks have been designed, and there are others whose fount of inspiration has evidently been the Empire modes. One chef d'œuvre is expressed in snow-white chiffon with a narrow blue ribbon at the waist.

Printed Chiffon for Goodwood

THERE is no doubt about it that nothing looks more charming at Goodwood than frocks of printed chiffon; the grounds must be white and the patterns in delicate shades of green, yellow or blue. The day of the short coatee of velvet is over; should these dresses be accompanied with coats, they will match and will apparently form an integral part of the scheme. Black chiffon ensembles will likewise have their rôles to play. Shady hats in leghorn, panama, and a new shiny straw will assuredly come into their own.

The Tricorne and the Bowler

IT is not likely that on this side of the Channel the tricorne and the new bowler will come into their own until the autumn. Should the bowler become really modish hairdressers will have to get busy in creating "side pieces" covered with small curls, as this type of headgear has to be worn well over the right ear. It is now seen in various straws; later on it will be fashioned of felt and velvet. The tricorne is likewise worn on one side, but not at such an acute angle. It is perfectly flat at the back, but in front a small upstanding motif is introduced. The beret declines to depart, so it has annexed a bandeau, which lifts it from the head. Sportswomen remain faithful to felt hats, as the weather has no deleterious effect on them.

Admirably cut and tailored is this wrap-coat with adjustable collar. It comes from Smee's, South Molton Street, while the dress worn by the seated figure is destined to be made of Courtauld's Courgette

Thinking of the Holidays

THE call of the mountains, the sea and the countryside in general each day become more pronounced, and, as a consequence, wrap-coats demand immediate attention. The thoroughly practical, nevertheless smart, affair pictured on this page comes from that well-known tailor, Smee, 55, South Molton Street. As the collar is adjustable, it may be arranged smartly to encircle the column of the throat; the scheme is completed with a narrow belt. It would look well in a variety of fabrics, patterns of which will be sent gratis and post free, together with self-measurement forms, giving full particulars regarding price. A feature is also made of coats and skirts, and in this connection it must be mentioned that made to measure they are from six guineas, and wrap-coats are available from the same price.

The Family of Courtauld

THERE are many Courtauld fabrics; nevertheless, in my opinion, the palm must be awarded to Courgette for dresses. It is a delightfully soft crêpe fabric, and with exceptional wearing qualities and available in beautiful colours. It is of this fabric that the dress on the left of this page is destined to be made. Another material that is known by the name of Courcain is really a rayon and wool marocain, and then there is Xantha, a rayon-striped knitted fabric. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martin's le Grand, E.C.1, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent.

A Welcome Slimming Method

"MOSARO" is a welcome method which enables men and women to reduce pleasantly, easily and rapidly. It has come hotfoot from Paris, where its merits have won quick recognition. Its salient advantage is that one can reduce "locally," at the particular part of the body where undesired fat is situated. This treatment is indeed well worth a trial.

The two newest and most fashionable resorts in Europe ∽ ∽ ∽ *Under the same management*

FOR YOUR LONG VACATION

JUAN LES PINS OR GRANVILLE

FOR YOUR SHORT VACATION

choose!

If you go to Juan les Pins, the summer heart of the French Riviera, you get days of blue and gold, perfumed nights of moonlight and trailing star dust, mad Casino moments and joyous hours at Le Provençal. You have the sensation of being just this side of paradise.

But if you go to Granville you may get more! On this Normandy Riviera you get lazy, delightful Gulf Stream swims, you get the sweets of summer blossoms, the greenest hills and the loveliest valleys. You get uncrowded roads for safe motoring.

You get the chance not only to visit embattled Granville but Mont St. Michel and other historic wonders nearby. You get a fine sandy beach with not a single pebble on it, the longest golden strand in Europe. You get the quaintest old town in which live the kindliest people imaginable.

You get fishing, yachting and boating, and you get moonlight dancing at the Casino, where at high tide you get the thrill of a moving transatlantic liner.

You get music and agreeable drinks at the famous Potinière, midway between the Casino and the Hotel Normandy, and you get a room in the Hotel Normandy which is a treasure of Norman architecture. Then, above all, you get the best seaside golf in Europe. CHOOSE!

Houghton 31.

GOLF NOTES

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

Sir Thomas Wilford, High Commissioner for New Zealand, driving from the first tee at Walton Heath. He was taking part in the Lucifer Golfing Society's British Empire meeting

As expected! Our men were very much out of the picture in the United States Open Championship, with the solitary exception of T. P. Perkins. G. von Elm and W. Burke tied with 292. At the end of 108 holes these two players were still level with scores of 440. Finally, after 144 holes, Burke won by a margin of one stroke. Some match! It is remarkable to think that their average number of strokes per round for eight rounds was less than 74. T. P. Perkins, as a result of his lengthy stay in the States, probably felt the heat less than our other players, but apart from this I hear he is playing extremely well and is much fancied for the Amateur Championship. Of our Ryder Cup team W. H Davies was the best with 307 for the four rounds. Percy Alliss took 315, the same as Armour, our Open Champion. English golfers lack the concentration of the Americans.

* * *

For four years two of the oldest golf clubs, Royal Blackheath and Royal Calcutta, the former representing the Western and the latter the Eastern Hemisphere, have done battle once a year over the Eltham course. This year Royal Calcutta won by seven matches to six, the first defeat sustained by Royal Blackheath since the institution of the match. The victors afterwards entertained their opponents to dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel.

D. R. Johnson and R. E. Allen tied with scores of 75 for the Addington Quarterly Medal.

* * *

Lately I have had the opportunity of watching the play in several competitions, and I could not fail to be struck by the bad putting of many of the players. The number of strokes thrown away on the green is simply appalling, and it has brought home to me very forcibly the truth of Bobby Jones' remark that one sees numbers of players practising their swing with the driver or with the same club at a net, trying out chip shots, but very few consider it worth while to practise putting. Far more importance is attached to this part of the game in America than here, and from my own observation the average American is a far, far better putter than an Englishman.

* * *

The Lucifer Golfing Society held their annual Empire meeting at Walton Heath. There were 150 competitors representing clubs in all parts of the Empire. James Braid, as usual, acted as starter. Sir Thomas Wilford, who is the High Commissioner for New Zealand, playing off 8, was not successful in beating bogey, but L. P. Hickey, of Singapore, returned a "2 up," and there were four "1 ups."

* * *

In the 36 holes final of the mixed foursomes at Gerrard's Cross, J. S. Beard and Mrs. Dutfield defeated G. C. Jack and Mrs. Kingscote after playing fifteen extra holes!

* * *

The 5th hole at Crews Hill was holed out in one by W. Ross. This hole measures 250 yards.

* * *

José Jurado enjoyed his stay in this country. He played a number of games with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Coombe Hill and Wimbledon, and elsewhere; he also recently played an exhibition round at Hendon, being partnered by Edward Ray, against Stewart Burns and A. E. Bignell. In the morning the home side won by one up, but in the afternoon Jurado and Ray won by 4 and 3. He was around in five under fours in the afternoon.

* * *

E. H. Beck holed out his tee shot at the sixth hole, 136 yards, at Walton Heath four days after having had a one at the fourth on the New Course.

* * *

The Wentworth courses are playing marvellously just now, but oh! the rough! The members of this club give every facility to members of the local Artisans' Club to use the various courses. The subscription to the Artisans' Club is 5s. per annum. Frequent matches are arranged between the members and the artisans, Lord Jellicoe being one of the keenest of players for the club.

THE RYDER CUP GOES WEST

Walter Hagen, the captain of the American golf team which beat our own men so heavily, with the Ryder Cup. He is seen surrounded by competitors at the end of the contest, which took place at Columbus

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VIA HARWICH

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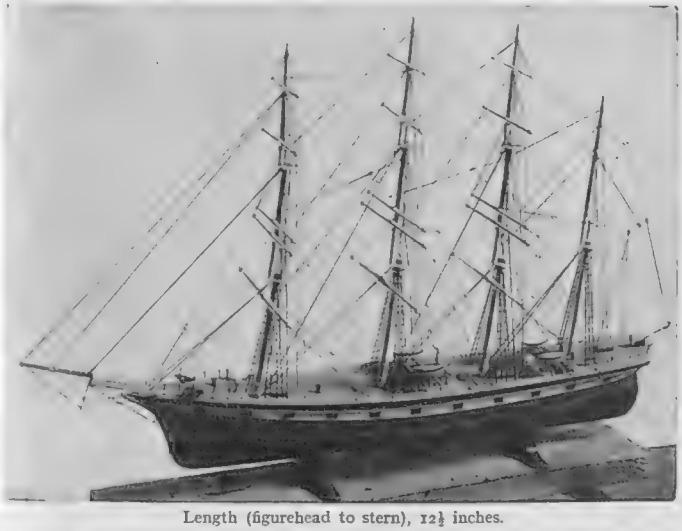

Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of 'Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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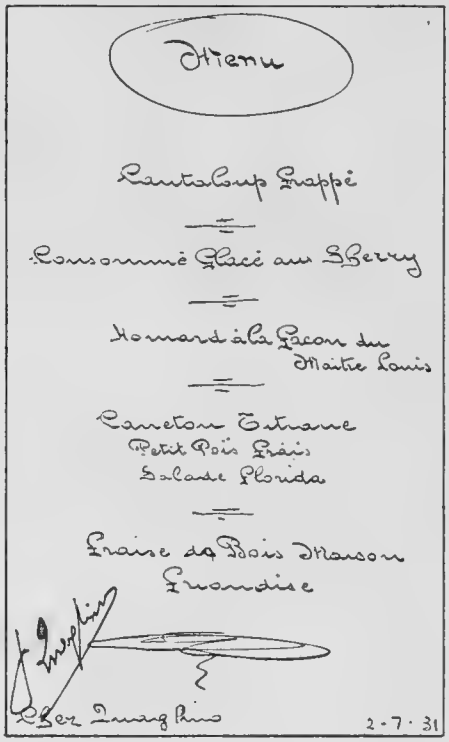
BOUCHÉES LATCORE.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Turbot à la Granite

WASH a piece of turbot weighing about 2 lb. in slightly salted cold water, and rub it over with the cut side of a lemon. Place the fish in a large stewpan containing enough tepid water to cover the turbot well. As soon as it boils remove the scum, and allow to simmer very gently for about another half-hour or more, according to the thickness of the fish. When done, drain carefully and dish up on a hot dish. Garnish with slices of lemon, and serve with Dutch sauce and new potatoes.



The menu of an attractive supper served recently at Chez Quaglino in Bury Street. It has been signed by M. Quaglino

Côtelettes de Veau à la Française

CUT about 2 lb. of best end of neck of veal into cutlets, trim and flatten them, and season with salt and pepper. Rub each side of the cutlets with a cut lemon, then dip in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and reshape the cutlets. Fry them over a brisk fire in butter. When done, and of a good golden colour, drain and dish them up neatly. Garnish with French beans.

Crême de Framboises

ONE pint of cream, ½ lb. of sugar, one pint of raspberries, juice of one lemon. Put half the sugar and cream on to boil in a double-boiler, and when the sugar is dissolved stand aside to cool; add the remaining half of the sugar and the lemon juice to the berries, stand aside for an hour, then strain through fine muslin. Add the remaining half of the cream to the sweetened cream and freeze; when frozen, stir in the fruit juice, beat thoroughly, and turn the crank of the freezing machine rapidly for five minutes. The ice-cream will now be ready for serving.

Bouchées Latcore

THREE anchovies, washed and pounded with a small piece of ham and chicken. Make a good curry sauce and well mix together. Fry small rounds of bread, and spread the mixture on them. Serve hot, with a little grated cheese mixed with butter on top.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Valuable Prizes for Snapshots

Readers should take advantage of an easy competition in which £350 in prizes are being offered by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for "happy-go-lucky" snapshots. During the good weather, you will no doubt be taking a number of snapshots, either of wife, husband, sister, brother, fiancée, baby, etc. Any one of these, as long as it is of a happy mood, stands a good chance in this competition. All you have to do is to send the photograph, with your name and address clearly written on the back, together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, to Snapshot Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. It should be borne in mind that the photograph submitted must not have been previously published in any way, and cannot be returned under any circumstances. All entries must be received not later than August 31.

The Central Pleasure Gardens at Bournemouth, one of the most popular holiday resorts served by the Southern Railway. Details of a new and luxurious train service from Waterloo are found on this page

A New Train Service

Until September 10, the Chemin de Fer de L'Est is running special First Class and Second Class Pullman coaches between Paris and Milan on the Gothard-Pullman Express, the journey taking twelve hours and forty-five minutes. Leaving Paris at 8 a.m., Lucerne is reached at 3.53 p.m.; Lugano at 7.11 p.m.; Como at 7.56 p.m.; and Milan at 8.45 p.m. On the return journey, the train leaves Milan at 9.15 a.m. and reaches Paris at 10.53 p.m. A second-class Pullman is also attached to the rapide, which leaves Paris for Interlaken at 9.45 a.m. and reaches its destination at 7.25 p.m. The return journey is made on the rapide, leaving Interlaken at noon and reaching Paris at 9.25 p.m.

The Bournemouth Belle

The progressive Southern Railway, recognising that Bournemouth is one of its "show" resorts, have in association with the Pullman Car Company, a special and luxurious train known as the Bournemouth Belle, which leaves Waterloo on weekdays and Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and arrives at Bournemouth Central at 12.39 p.m., in time for lunch, covering the 108 miles in just over two hours. On the return journey this special train leaves Bournemouth at 5.10 p.m., and reaches Waterloo at 7.18 p.m. On weekdays the train goes on to Poole, Wareham, Dorchester, and Weymouth, where it arrives at 1.45 p.m. and leaves for London at 4 p.m. The extra charge for the luxury of Pullman travel is very small.

The A.A. Irish Handbook

The Automobile Association has now issued the Irish Handbook for 1931-32. Particulars are given of all hotels and garages holding the full appointment of the A.A. in Ireland, whilst, for the first time, hotels having hot and cold running water provided in the bedrooms are shown. Up-to-date information is given concerning foreign tours, steamship charges for motor vehicles, lighting-up tables for Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, and a table, "Your car tax at a glance," which shows the amounts due for taxation according to horse-power on an annual, quarterly, or monthly basis. A feature of the publication is a map in atlas form which will be useful when touring.

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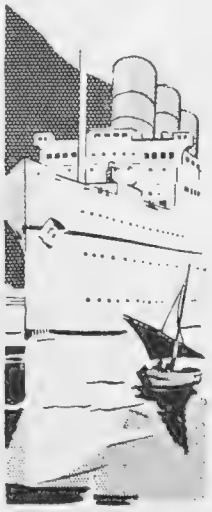

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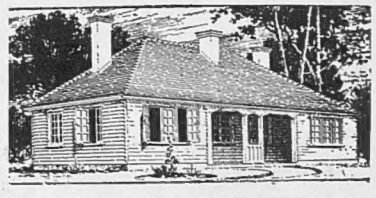

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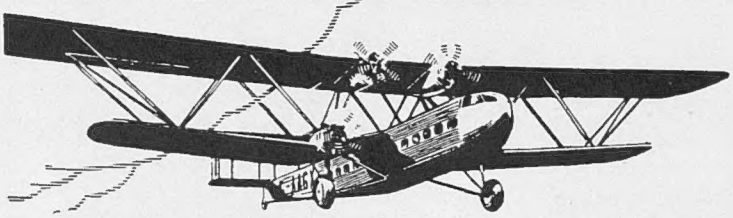

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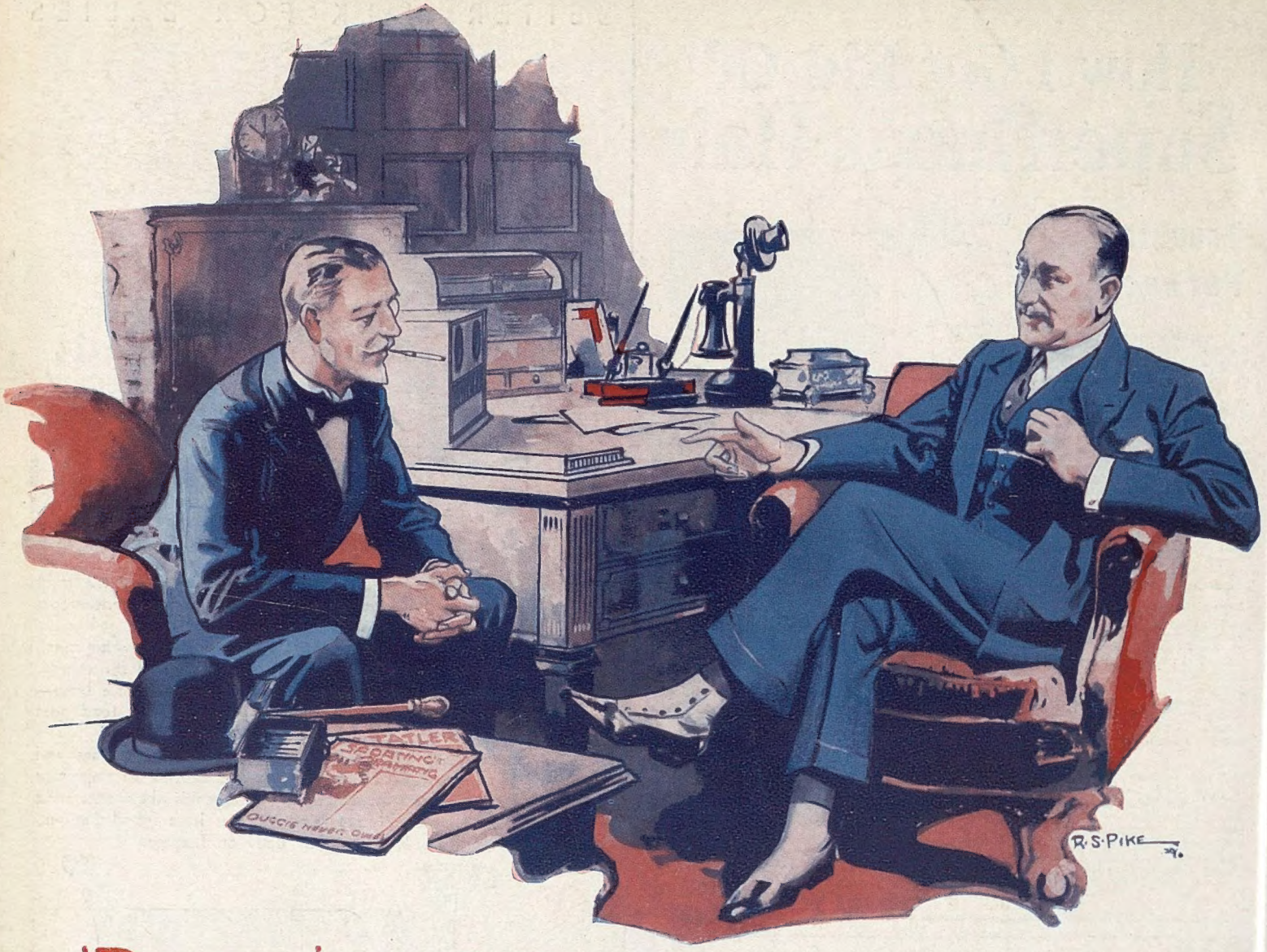

'Duggie' explains—

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Sir Edward : "That's what I tell them. Commercially, everybody likes to deal with firms that give the best value. Yet, when it comes to racing, even careful men seem negligent. Did you hear of young Hastings' experience ?"

Duggie : "No."

Sir Edward : "He telegraphed his agent £100 each way 'Splinters.'"

Duggie : "Fortunate young man ! Won at 8 to 1, didn't it ? So he won £1,000."

Sir Edward : "Should have done. Unfortunately, his bookmaker never received the telegram and offered to pay £500 in settlement. Would you have advised him to accept ?"

Duggie : "All depends, Sir Edward, on what his agent's rule said about lost telegrams."

Sir Edward : "Oh, it simply read that no responsibility was accepted for lost telegrams."

Duggie : "That being so, I think your friend should accept the offer."

Sir Edward : "That's what I told him. At the same time, I pointed out that had you been his agent he would have been paid in full. I believe I am correct in saying that ?"

Duggie : "Quite correct, Sir Edward. I not only accept full responsibility for telegrams that are never delivered, but also for those that are wrongly transmitted."

Sir Edward : "Excellent. By the way, Stuart, what about the Tote ?"

Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the 'Tote,' Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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